Fit "TripleX"-and be safe ROVER'S do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1884 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEB. 29 1936

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES **DE RESZKE** *of course!*

Get YOUNGER every day

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S **Scotch Ale**

FOR ILLS CHILLS & APPETISER THRILLS

LEMON HART EST? **RUM** 1804

The BEST & PUREST *of all* SPIRITS

A WARM FRIEND IN COLD WEATHER

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned **NATURAL** *Mineral Water*

FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM — Drink it at Meals and during the day

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing — and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by

GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH,

101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

50% LESS TANNIN IN

Sold **only** in ¼-lb. and ½-lb. packets and 1-lb. canisters. Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10 and 4/4 per lb.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, LTD., 30/4, Mincing Lane, London, E.C. 3

THE **DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA**

CVS-150

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

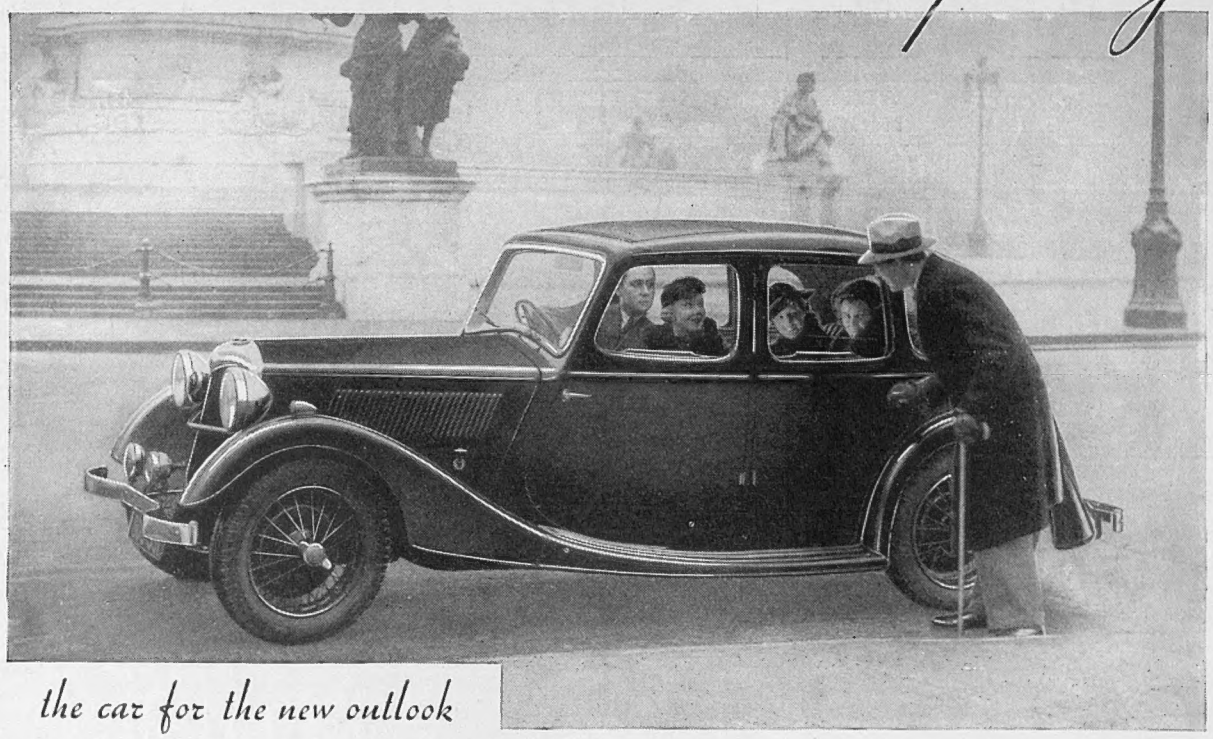
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD. **FOR INSURANCE**

HEAD OFFICE: 83 PALL MALL S.W.1

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Office: 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

When Five's Company



Riley

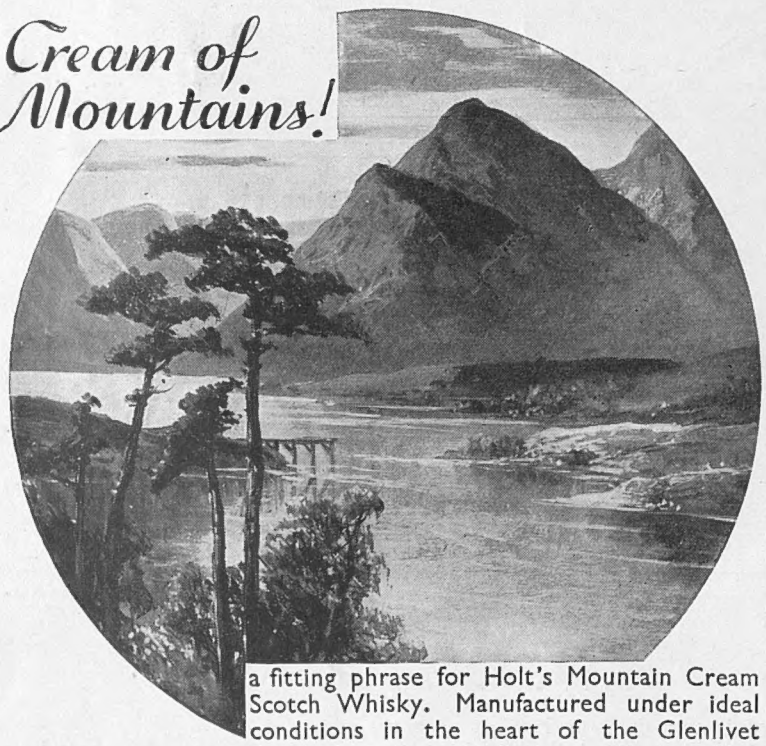
A new and bigger Riley. Ample room for FIVE people. SIX windows giving practically open car vision. And of course, every feature for which Riley cars are renowned—Preselectagear, Lever-free Front, Inter-axle Seating, Air-liner Frame Bracing among them. "The finest all-purpose Riley ever built" say the experts. But why not have a demonstration and find out for yourself?

the car for the new outlook

ADELPHI

RILEY 6-LIGHT 5-SEATER "ADELPHI" COACHBUILT SALOON. 1½ Litre (Tax £9 0 0) £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) £380. Other Riley models from £269. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry

The Cream of the Mountains!



a fitting phrase for Holt's Mountain Cream Scotch Whisky. Manufactured under ideal conditions in the heart of the Glenlivet district, every sip of this mellow golden liquid recalls the grandeur: the freedom: the fragrance of the mountains from which it derives its name. Years of maturing in freshly emptied sherry casks: malted barley, yeast, and the clear, cool spring waters of the Scottish Highlands give Holt's Mountain Cream Whisky a flavour all its own: a flavour you'll like!

Holts Mountain Cream Scotch Whisky

'tis still the best distilled

W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED - - *Aberlour-Glenlivet Distillery* ABERLOUR, SCOTLAND

SIR JOHN HAWKINS

FAMOUS FIGURES

Sir John Hawkins, prominent figure among Elizabethan sea-captains, is reputed to be the first to introduce tobacco to England. After a voyage to Florida in 1565 he brought back tobacco and pipes smoked by the Indians.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.

PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**

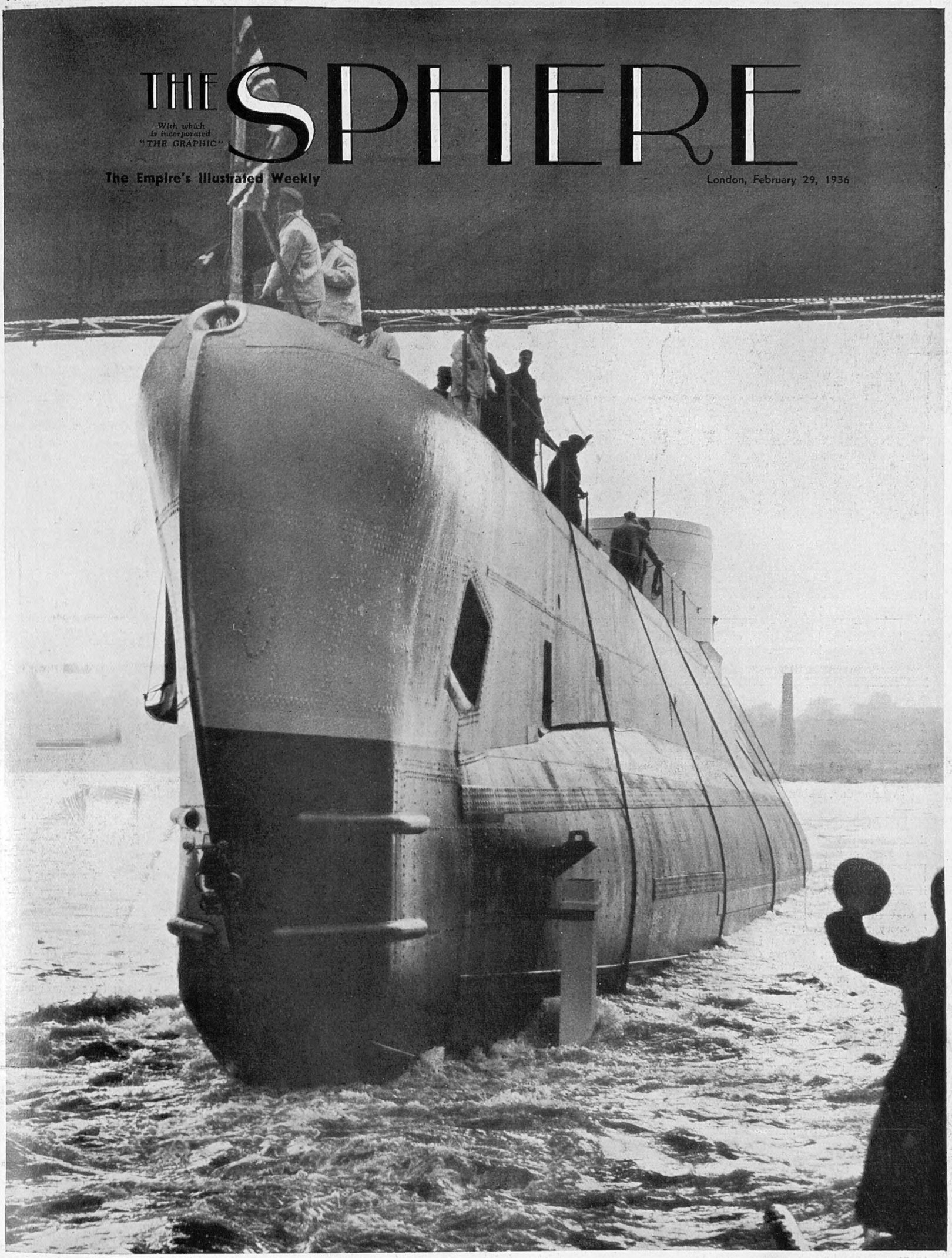
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

You can be sure Player's No. 3 are always Fresh. All packings are now supplied with protective wrapping

20 FOR 1'4 50 FOR 3'3 100 FOR 6'4 50 TINS PLAIN ONLY 3'4

3.P.31.B

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 29, 1936



The Launch of the "Grampus"

A New Submarine Entering the Water at Chatham After Being Named by Lady Evans

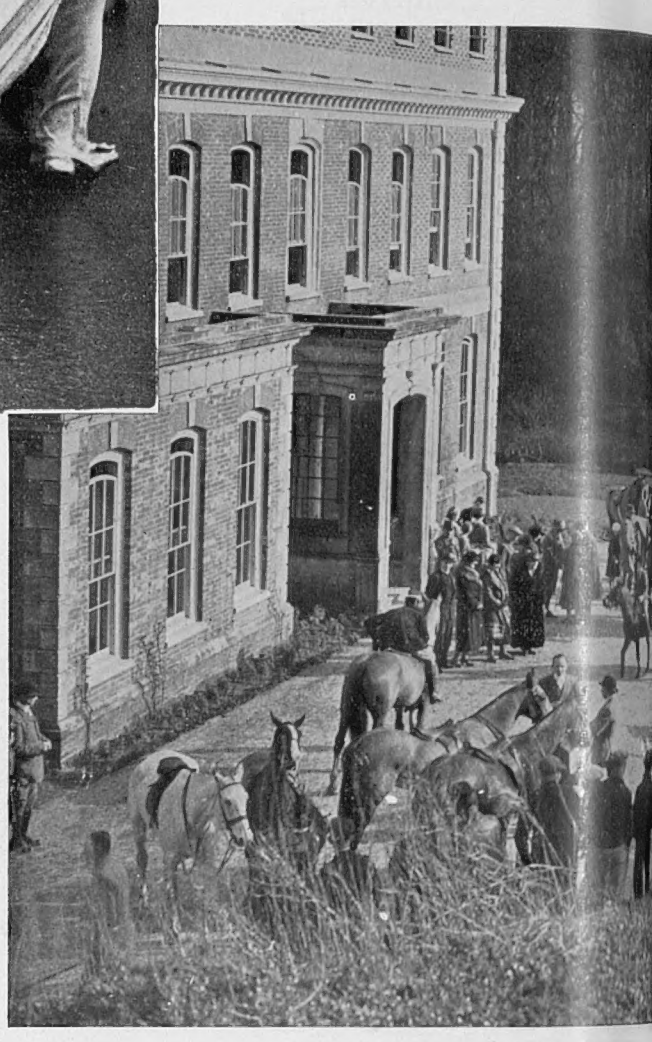
As "The Sphere's" naval correspondent points out in an article on page 370 of this issue Britain is at last facing the problem of bringing her first line of defence up to minimum strength, and it is now apparent that we are lacking in cruisers for the protection of our long-distance lanes of food supplies, while the position with regard to submarines—built, building, and projected—is almost equally serious. The newest craft of the submarine type to be launched is the *Grampus*, the third and last of the vessels of the 1933 programme, which was named at Chatham on Tuesday by Lady Evans, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Commander-in-Chief, the Nore. The ceremony was of a private nature, but relatives and friends of the workmen in the dockyard were permitted to witness it, while the Commander-in-Chief and a number of other naval and military officers were also present. The *Grampus* has a tonnage of 1,520, her engines are being designed for a speed of 15 knots, and her armament includes one 4-in. gun and six torpedo tubes

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

WEDDING BELLS AT WESTMINSTER: Mr. Douglas Hacking, elder son of Mr. Douglas Hacking, M.P. and Mrs. Hacking, of 48, Sloane Street, and Miss Daphne Violet Finnis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, of 19, Brechin Place, South Kensington, leaving St. Margaret's after their marriage last week. The great-uncle of the bridegroom, the Archdeacon of Newark, officiated

force of the crash, a hundred yards of the turf were deeply and neatly scored in the open, then under quite thick scrub, and onwards until the tracks ended where the machine had struck a stout, tall tree, and pulled it up like a man pulls up a daisy plant with a spud from loose soil. Those who came tardily to the rescue (but as soon as possible) had an agonising experience in watching suffering they could not alleviate as quickly as they would.

A PROMISING MAIDEN SPEECH.—Lord William Scott made a promising maiden speech in the House on the Scottish Education Bill. He had clearly mastered a very intricate and highly contentious subject, and he spoke like an old hand possessed of a great deal of moral courage, and determined to think for himself as well as to voice the majority views of his constituents. He began in the Army, and went later into the City and took the place of his brother, Lord Dalkeith, as member for the "family" seat of Roxburgh and Selkirk when the Duke of Buccleuch died last year. Talking came more easily to him than to his elder brother and some of his uncles;



A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 26, 1936.

DEFENCE.—The question of defence is the first business of the session. Every party accepts its importance, there is general agreement that big reforms must be carried out if only to ensure that the hundreds of millions of taxpayers' money is not money thrown away. Many sane men of every party detest this expenditure, but, accepting it as vital in a black world of madmen, they are determined that it shall be spent as wisely and economically as may be. In its various aspects—home defence, Empire defence, air defences, and so forth—it will in the coming weeks be raised again and again by Lords and Commons, in White Papers and daily papers, in books and Blue Books. The crux is co-ordination between the three arms; the issue a Ministry of Defence or the reform of the Committee of Defence. The Government, seeing at last that the country is determined to have real co-ordination, which can never be achieved until a layman is given supreme sway over the heads of the three Services, still clings to its I.D. Committee and resists a Ministry. It is accepted that the Prime Minister cannot be that supreme layman. It is equally certain that there must be a minister whose prime duty is to co-ordinate the demands of the fighting chiefs and knuckle under to no one of them. Each branch of the Service naturally can see none of the strands in the protective covering but those of his own colour. *His* needs are supreme and over-ride all other. It is precisely the same problem as that which faces great voluntary hospitals, and that is why a great Chairman of hospitals laid down the rule that no member of his medical or nursing staff should ever sit on his House committee. In embracing the wider issue, he was determined never to be swayed by the special pleading of doctors or matrons playing on the sentimental or humanitarian string. It is now clear that, though the Ministry of Defence proposal will not be carried, the Defence committee will at long last be rationalised, and that a Minister-without-portfolio, with a strong character, vision, and plenary powers, will at this late hour be appointed to deal pretty vigorously with the bluff and individual demands of the army, navy, and air representatives. Until we have a co-ordinating authority, with the time and the knowledge and the courage to resist and co-ordinate, we shall be pouring much of our hardly-earned money down the drain.

THE TWO VOICES.—Publication last Wednesday in the *Giornale d'Italia* of what purported to be a secret report drawn up by Sir John Maffey's committee last June on the Italo-Abyssinian situation as it might affect British interests in Egypt raised a little tea-cup storm over here. It read like an Oppenheim spy romance and suggested a fruitful field for official inquiry into the opportunities still subsisting for the theft and malicious communication of secret documents. But the matter is sub judice and unproved, and it were indiscreet and foolish to enlarge on what may be proved a mare's-nest. But, mare's-nest or treachery, it can do *us* no good. We seem doomed to tarnish our reputation among our neighbours in Europe and the East. We have lost, temporarily, our friendship with Italy. Now, whatever be the facts of this publication in the Italian Press, we shall hardly increase our reputation for high morality and impartiality among uninformed Ethiops. In this alleged official report the note of morality is not predominant. The wording, it is true, is correct and careful, but it is impossible not to be struck with the underlying note in the whole report. It is: what do we stand to lose if Italy smash the Abyssinians? No question here of high morality; no thought of the monstrous immorality of "aggression"; rather there underlies the report a slightly cynical acceptance of Italy's just irritation in her relations with an "anachronism," and of the continued anxieties which result from having a semi-barbarous State as neighbour. Now these are no doubt facts, and Government departments must face facts and guard against their implications. But it *is* difficult not to feel cynical if you are British, and outraged if you are an Ethiop, when you compare the two voices of Britain. Britain publicly declaiming a series of high moral platitudes approved by the League; and Britain, *sotto voce*, whispering asides to the stage carpenters to strengthen the card-board turrets in case the barrage of moral platitude fails to check the "enemy." There is nothing here to surprise or shock an educated European; but to the Ethiop's less experienced mind there are given grounds for suspicion of the purity of British idealism.

THE PRICE OF AIR POWER.—The night exercises in the air last week cost dearly in human life, and one Heyford Bomber crashed within sight of my windows. All the evening I had been watching the shooting stars, made by the lights of these planes, tracing their silvery ribbons across the sky along the range dominated by Harting Beacon, and, knowing in darkness the height of that range, I marvelled to observe how they appeared to be shaving the turf of the Downs. Two or three times during the evening the mist thickened and the whole exercise seemed to the ignorant mind fraught with danger not only to those in the air but to those sleeping in villages under the "field" of exercise. Beacon Hill, the morning after, clearly showed the all of them for several generations back have played their parts admirably in the public life of their own border country, of Britain, and the Empire. The late duke, like his father before him, was immensely hardworking, and a name to swear by in Edinburgh and the Border. The present duke, before he succeeded, worked as hard as any man as Member of Parliament, Master of Hounds, and member of a dozen public bodies and committees. His eldest uncle, Lord Henry, is a noted figure in the public life of south Scotland.

FOREIGN POLICY.—Once more, on Monday, we awaited a new Foreign Minister's first important speech on foreign policy. Only yesterday (as it seemed) we were listening to Sir Samuel's. "Where is that party now?" Sir Samuel, if you remember, said a mouthful, and said it finely and impressively. Mr. Eden said nothing at all, and said it beautifully. His brief was a blank sheet. It contained the whole policy of H.M. Government on Oil Sanctions, and other vital matters immediately before the League. H.M. Government has no policy. It is perhaps fed up with policy. So, while no one could blame Mr. Eden (for getting no bone from Mother Hubbard, whose cupboard was bare), no important speech in recent years has given so large a handle to the Opposi-

tion. The least they could (and did) fairly say was that it was vague and disappointing, and that its high-minded assurances did not conceal the fatal vacillation of policy. They were blamed for making a symbol of oil. A few weeks back it was a national symbol. A few weeks ago, moreover, the nation approved Mr. Baldwin's announcement that his League policy was to be ca'canny for a while. In the American Press not long ago an "inspired" article appeared which declared that Mr. Eden was a Machiavel, determined first to ruin Mussolini and then to betray Mr. Baldwin and succeed to his place. No one took it seriously, of course. If any had done so, he would now say that Mr. Eden has abandoned his first objective but made good progress towards his second —by his speech on Monday.

THE THEATRE AS NATURE-RESERVE.—In a speech so coruscating with easy epigram that its plain, blunt truths were obscured, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who efficiently combines the two essentials of thinking and acting, delivered his Rede lecture last week. His subject was the drama of to-morrow and most of his matter concerned the theatre of to-day. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, it was the actors' part to wear grease paints. The great "stars" then "played 'Ercles rarely, a part to tear a cat in." They ranted and raged and exaggerated human manners, passions, and actions beyond the exaggerations of ordinary life in that day —in order to "get across." To-day our manners are more restrained (in Britain at least), our passions are not on the surface. We have gained immensely in restraint of manner. Oaths, missiles, invective, duelling, and explosions, are not our ways. The stage, so far from exaggerating our natural means of expressing joy, rage, passion, and grief, has leaned the other way and leads us by its example to still finer efforts in restraint. Not so the film theatre. There, mechanical methods still require an even greater degree of exaggeration in human expression to get across the footlights. And as a result we get this curious table of precedence: In the film drama, human manners, nature, and truth exaggerated, twisted and distorted to produce effect and sensationalism. In "real life" a marked restraint in comparison with the manners of our forebears. On the stage legitimate an exaggeration of that restraint which produces an effect which is almost bloodless, passionless, automaton. Ergo, Sir Cedric could fairly claim, in his epigrammatic way, that there were more greasepaints used in the stalls than on the stage to-day, more acting in the sale-room than on the boards of the Lyceum. But Sir Cedric saw in this tendency the salvation of the drama. The drama would survive and to-morrow it would be valued and resorted to as the last reserve of beauty, dignity, peace, and manners in a world grown strident and vulgar with mechanised amusements and the destruction of simplicity by scientific devices. It would become a temple where dazed and deafened men could recapture the beauty and simplicity and dignity of Nature, hear once more the human voice speaking the pure language, and civilised men practising behind closed doors the fine manners of the great days.

GAINSBOROUGH.—— Sir Philip Sassoon has staged several wonderful exhibitions at his fine house at 45, Park Lane, and the Gainsborough Exhibition now opened there is the loveliest and not the least important. Gainsborough had his tide of prosperity in his lifetime. He was able to live in great comfort in that part of Schomberg House which still stands in Pall Mall and to pay for the privilege a rent (in modern values) of £1,000 a year. That prosperity began in 1775 and lasted till he died in 1788. Yet I think he would have gaped to read that a small selection of his paintings (not perhaps those he would himself have chosen as his best) had been valued at £1,000,000. He was a Suffolk man (the East Coast was the cradle of typically British painters) and he would probably get the majority vote in an election for the greatest British artist. He was a master of naturalness, and that simplicity which comes when inspiration is drawn entirely from the subject on hand. He was *fons et origo* of modern landscape, and no more graceful painter of women ever lived. When he got a subject like Elizabeth Linley, he could and did make all poetry, all music, and all loveliness of mind live in her face for ever. He and Macaulay conspired to make an angel of Mrs. Sheridan. We have a wonderfully representative and rich collection of his paintings in the National Gallery, though perhaps the best-loved are in private hands and temporarily at 45, Park Lane. "The Linleys" comes from Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who gave Lord Sackville about £30,000 for the picture. "The Harvest Waggon" comes from Lord Swaythling. "Mrs. Villebois," that expensive lady, is lent by Lord Cowdray, and "Mrs. Douglas" by Baron F. de Rothschild. The "Andrews" conversation piece is there and has not left the family. The famous "Morning Walk" is another Rothschild loan, and so is "The Marsham Children," as well known as any. Stratford lends again its Garrick portrait, which the Corporation itself commissioned Gainsborough to paint for the Shakespeare festival in 1769. It is an expensive entrance fee as usual, but well, well worth the price of a cinema ticket, and its profits go to the Northern Hospitals. So much beauty, peace, grace, and dignity in so narrow a space are not often to be seen.

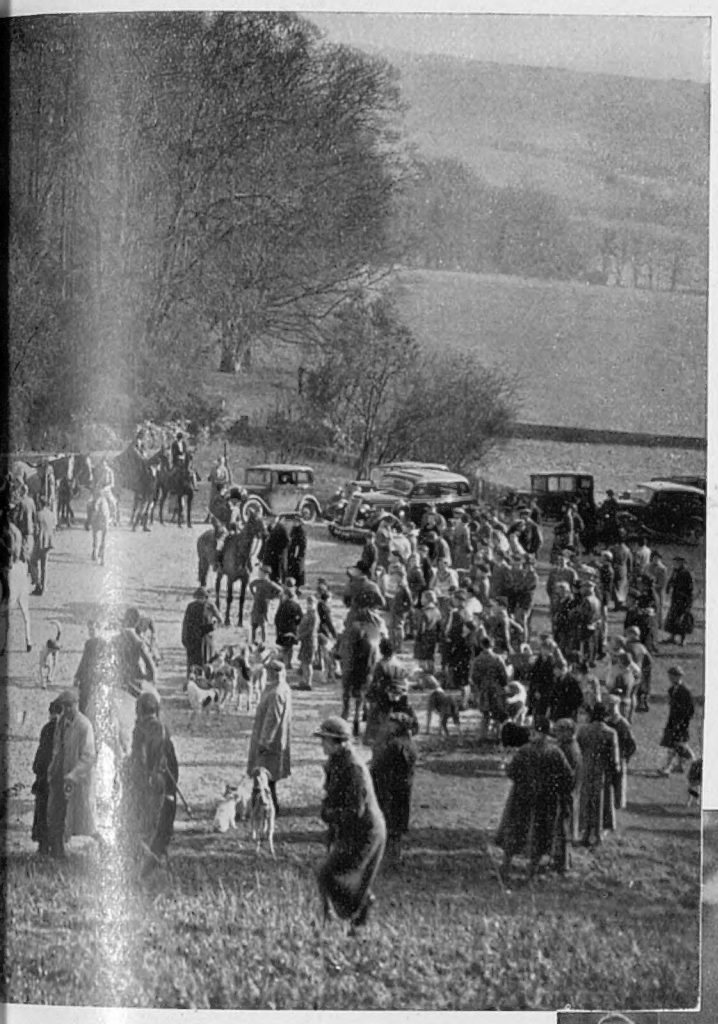
GREY OWL. — Nothing is more interesting to those who have to do with books than the different processes by which merit is acclaimed by the reading public. Sometimes it is a swift process. Something novel in method or idea catches the public at once. More often it is a slow process. Merit—having something to say and saying that something well — percolates like water, not to be denied, seeping at last through an obstinate dam. Grey Owl (or Wa-sha-quon-asin), that scientific and sentimental Indian of Scottish blood, has been writing books for several years, but only now, and suddenly, his name is on every tongue in households with young families to cater for, and every other friend is asking me, "Of course you know and read Grey Owl?" Of course, I do. I began on his *Pilgrims of the Wild*, published in 1934. It is the book in which he describes his wanderings in the northern wilds of Canada, his translation to the civilised lands south of the St. Lawrence, his conversion from a trapper to a preserver of wild life, and his famous experiments in taming beaver, which won him at last a post as Beaver Warden under the Canadian Government. No writer splits a wider infinitive, yet no writer is pleasanter to read. He wrote on scraps of paper in log cabins, in temperatures below zero, in bivouacs by ice-bound lakes; he wrote while studying a vademecum on the writing of English, and he wins triumphantly through every time because he has something to say, something new for a tired and bored world dug out by his infinite labour. He is the Maeterlinck of the beaver, and he has painted for all time a living picture of that enchanting animal. Well (says you) I know all that as well as you. Have not Grey Owl and his famous wife acted lately as *compère* and *commère* of their own films in London. That is quite true, and I rather wish it were not. Grey Owl long resisted the lure of the lecture hall and the film stage. But he was persuaded at last, and I am left wondering how much of the present popularity of his works is due to his film appearances, and whether, if he had never left his beaver reserve, the merit in his books had won its deserved appeal. I should like to think so.

THE OLD STAGER

Change of Address

"The Sphere" has moved to new offices, and on and after to-day (February 29) its address is Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

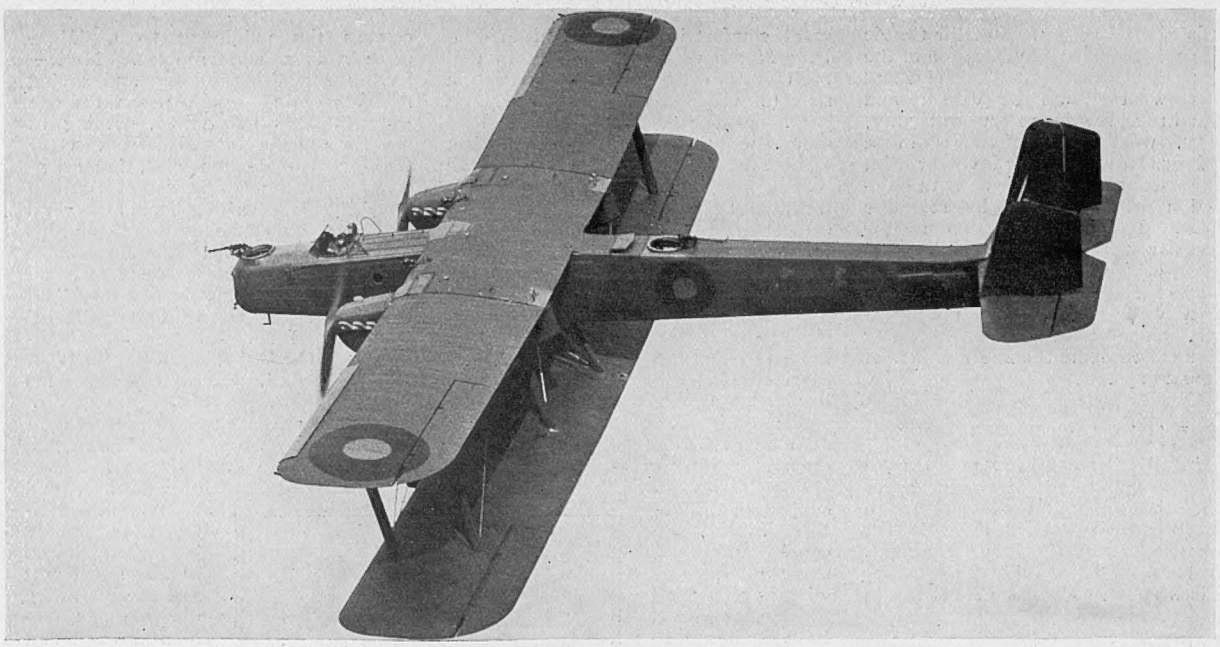
Telephone: CENTRAL 1010



HUNTING IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY: The scene outside Windlesham House, near Worthing, in the heart of the Sussex Downs, where the Crawley and Horsham met for the first time this week

IS IT LOADED?: Members of Eton College Officers Training Corps inspecting an 18-pounder during their recent field day, which was held at Pirbright Common, near Brookwood, Surrey. Before operations commenced they were given instruction in the use of modern types of arms by men of the Regular Army

The WEEK

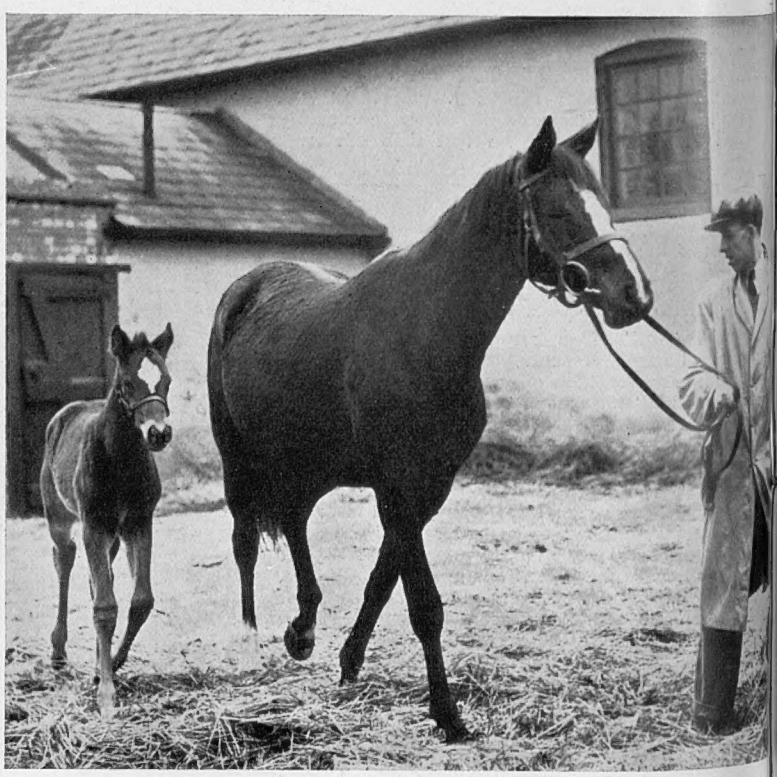


A TRAGEDY OF THE AIR: Six men were killed when two R.A.F. Heyford bombers of the above type which had been taking part in the first winter night exercises in the area around London crashed on the morning of February 19. One machine struck the top of Beacon Hill, Elsted, Sussex, in mist and rain, and the pilot, Sergeant C. A. Deakin, who was thrown clear, limped three miles with an injured ankle to get help. Searchers later found two of the crew dead amid the wreckage

A GRIM RELIC: The tail of the second Heyford bomber involved in disaster last week projecting above the water after it had come down off the French coast near Havre, apparently as a result of petrol shortage. It sank with three men on board, but the pilot, Flying Officer R. H. Page, was helped ashore by two Frenchmen, who gallantly went to the rescue in a canoe

A SCHOOL GUTTED: An aerial view of Que west wing early on the morning of February members of the staff and transferred was not the slightest suggestion of pa

THE MANGLED FUSELAGE: The cockpit of the R.A.F. bomber which came down on Beacon Hill, Sussex, and after tearing through the dense scrub for a distance of about twenty-five yards, portions of the wings being broken off in the rush, eventually struck a 30-ft. tree and wrenched it from the ground. The pilot's escape was miraculous, and he was evidently thrown clear some moments before the final impact

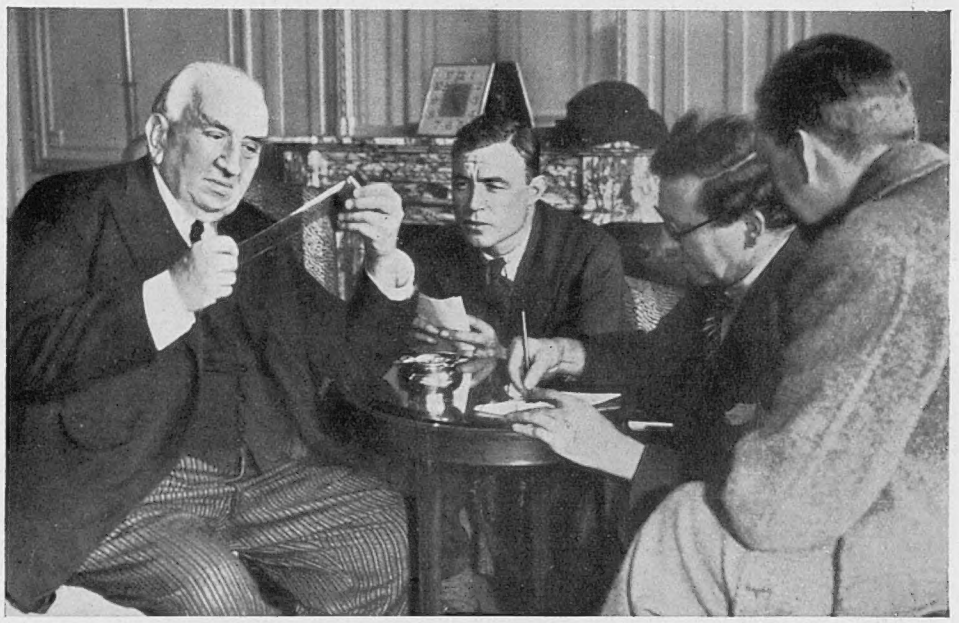


A PROMISING YOUNGSTER: Rose of England, the filly which won the Oaks for Lor Glanely in 1930, with her foal, the first to be sired by the same owner's famou thoroughbred Colombo which, it will be remembered, finished third in the 193 Derby after starting a hot favourite. Colombo won all his races as a two-year old, but, except for one classic victory, subsequently proved a disappointment

AT HOME: A Pictorial Record of Current Events

wood, at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, during the great fire which broke out in the The alarm was given about 2 a.m., the 270 girls being immediately aroused by other parts of the school buildings detached from the seat of the blaze. There and, although the house was seriously damaged, there were no casualties at all

TIGHT SQUEEZE: This giant integral sphere, over 11 ft. in diameter, pictured here during removal to a new section of the Physical Laboratory at Teddington, Middlesex, is employed for measuring the candle-power of electric light, and is the only one of its kind in this country



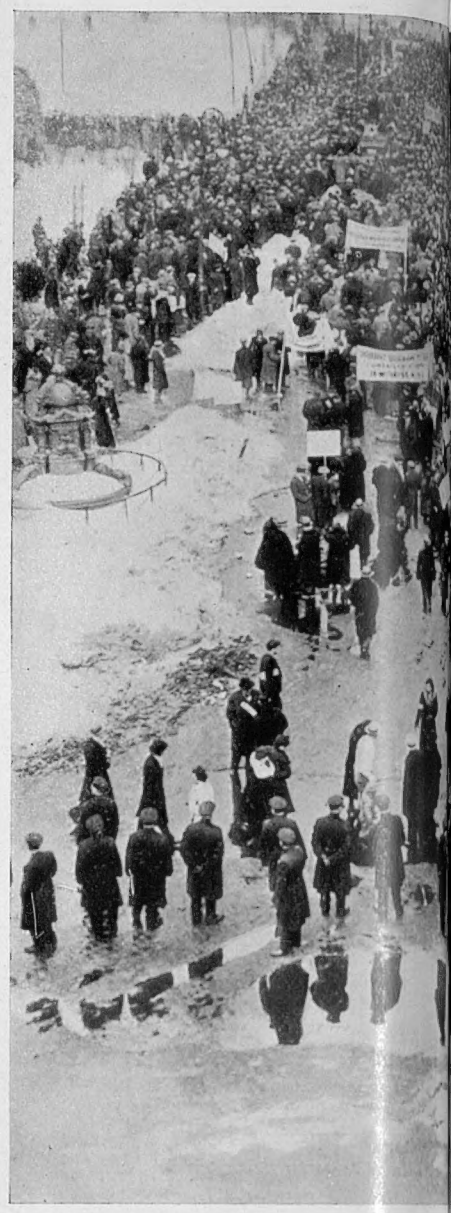
THE PIONEER OF CINEMATOGRAPHY: M. Louis Lumière (*left*) who, forty years ago, gave the first public exhibition of films in this country and who came to London last week to attend a reception held in his honour at the Polytechnic, Regent Street. As part of the commemorative programme prepared for the occasion, some of M. Lumière's early pictures were presented

ALFRESCO: A luncheon party, including Mr. Dicky Nicholl, Mr. G. T. Denson Patterson, Miss Isobel Curtiel, Mr. Norman Cairns, Mr. B. C. Robertson, Mr. Walter Baxter, Mr. Jim Pilkington, and Miss Joan Curtiel at the Cambridge University steeplechases which were concluded at Cottenham last Saturday. There were six races on the programme, and the outstanding feat of the day was Mr. W. T. Cadman's two wins

A PROUD GRANDPARENT: Mr. Franklyn Hutton (*second from right*) father of Countess Haugwitz Reventlow (Barbara Hutton, the heiress) pictured last week on arrival at Southampton from New York en route for London to be near his daughter, who this week gave birth to a son at her home in Hyde Park Gardens. The Countess, it is understood, is to continue to live in England

A WORLD

A RED-LETTER DAY: Pope Pius XI attending Pontifical Mass in the Sistine Chapel, a solemn ceremonial on the occasion of the fourteenth anniversary of his coronation, when His Holiness was the recipient of numerous telegrams of congratulation. The Pope, who is now in his seventy-ninth year, was ordained in 1879. After being Apostolic Nuncio in Poland and Titular Archbishop of Lepanto, he was made Cardinal Archbishop of Milan in 1921, and in the following year assumed the Papal chair



UNEMPLOYED DISORDERS IN NEW YORK: Som snow-covered Madison Square to demand trad meeting that became so stormy that it result on both sides. Among those arrested wa congressman for New York City, who h

HOMAGE AT LAEKEN: Pilgrims entering the Belgian Royal Crypt to file past the tomb of King Albert on February 17, the second anniversary of his death which occurred while rock-climbing at Marche-les-Dames, near Namur. Earlier in the day visits were paid by King Leopold and representatives of the Government

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: General Miguel Nunez de Prado y Susillas, with hand raised, Spain's Director-General of Aeronautics, being shown round the Aircraft-Carrier *Furious* when the ship arrived at Las Palmas on the spring cruise. *On left*—This picture of King Gustaf V, taken at a ski-ing tournament near Stockholm, won a prize at a recent photographic contest in Sweden

"MAFEKING" NIGHT IN ROME: Crowds cheering residence, after the announcement of the which, accord ng to a message from Marshal beaten with heavy losses, estimated at between Note the banner towards the right with its

SURVEY

of the 10,000 demonstrators gathering in union wages for Government relief work, a in a clash with about 350 police, with casualties Mr. Vito Marcantonio, the only Republican made a fiery speech to the assembled throng

JUBILATION IN THE CATALAN CAPITAL: An enthusiastic section of the crowd which gathered outside the Government building in Barcelona after the declaration of the poll in last week's Spanish elections which resulted in a somewhat unexpected swing to the Left, and the formation of a ministry under Don Manuel Azaña who, it may be remembered, figured very prominently in the 1934 rebellion in Catalonia and was subsequently imprisoned. The new Government has granted an amnesty to polit cal offenders, and among those pardoned is Señor Luis Companys, former President of the Generalidad, who now shares, with very few others in history, the strange distinction of being elected to a legislative assembly (the Cortes) from a prison cell

outside the Palazzo Venezia, Signor Mussolini's Italian victory in the Battle of Enderta in Badoglio, the troops of Ras Mulugueta were 5,000 and 6,000 men, and forced to retire. bantering reference to Mr. Anthony Eden

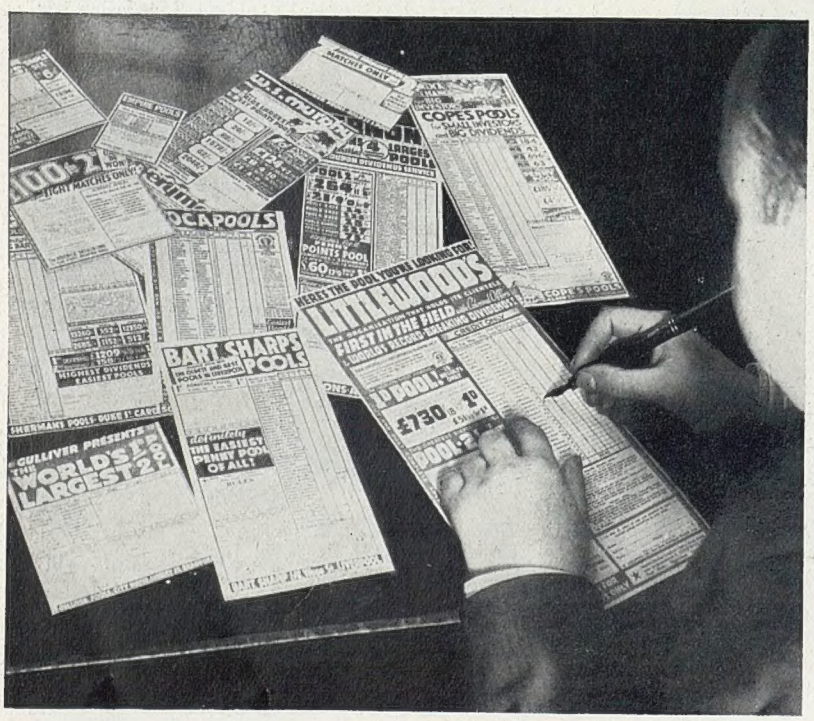
FURTHER ASPECTS OF THE SPANISH ELECTIONS: *Left*—After the declaration of the poll there was rioting in all the larger cities, demonstrators demanding the release of political prisoners even before the publication of the amnesty. On the left armed members of the police force are pictured rounding up one of the ringleaders, and on the right an official of the Catalonian Government (standing in centre with hand raised) is seen attempting to restore order among his over-enthusiastic supporters

THE PHILATELISTS' STAMPING GROUND: A long queue of collectors waiting outside the Vienna General Post Office in order to buy sets of the new and extremely limited issue of F.I.S. stamps which have been brought out in connection with the ski-ing contests held this year in Austria under the auspices of the Fédération Internationale du Ski. Some enthusiasts had to wait several hours in the rain before reaching the counters, and there were similar scenes at other post offices in the City

THE FANS: Association football to-day draws larger crowds than any other sport, and this particular picture shows a section of the vast throng of 62,000 that packed the Highbury ground for the re-play of the Arsenal's fifth-round cup tie with Newcastle, when the Second Division team was beaten

PUNCHING CLEAR: Toothill, Fulham's goalkeeper, defending his charge during the recent cup tie with Chelsea, when these neighbouring London teams played a hotly contested drawn game in the presence of 52,000 spectators—a truly enormous crowd for a mid-week match. Fulham somewhat surprisingly won the subsequent replay

MR. STANLEY F. ROUS, SECRETARY OF THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION, delivering the address at the annual Sportsmen's Sunday Service held last Sunday on behalf of the Peel Institute at Finsbury Town Hall. On the right is Mr. H. S. Ashton, father of the three famous Ashton brothers, who presided



THE GAMBLING ELEMENT IN MODERN FOOTBALL: During the past few seasons the pool business has increased enormously, and every week millions of coupons, such as those depicted on the left, are filled up, competitors selecting certain matches on each Saturday's programme and forecasting the results, win, draw, or lose. The stakes vary from units of ½d. to 1s. and the prizes often run into four or five figures. *Right*—A typical advertisement for one of the 1d. pools in a London daily paper

A Tug of War in the Field of Football

The Pools and Their Operation

One half of the world truly has no idea of how the other half enjoys itself, and while the man in the street may have a very limited knowledge of the finer points of polo, ski-ing, or hunting, the comparatively well-to-do frequently prove to be no less ignorant of the intricacies of modern professional football, of the difference between cup ties and league matches, of the problems of relegation and promotion and of how the game is made the medium of a gamble.

All this was brought home very clearly a few days ago when the Football League announced its intention of cancelling the remaining fixtures for the season and of substituting an entirely new programme in an effort to defeat the operations of football pool betting. While the implications of this were obvious to the majority, there were many who knew nothing of these pools. What were they? How did they operate? How long had this been going on? So at the risk of telling some readers what they already know, the following notes are intended to give an idea of the working of these pools which have grown up in such a short time and gained such a hold on the public imagination.

This, for instance, is how you make your bet. First you write to one of the football pool companies and ask for an entry coupon. You get it by post. You select which combination of football results you'll forecast (say, twelve results, or four draws). You bet a sum (pennies, sixpences and shillings are commonest) that your forecasts are correct. But you don't send the money with your entry. You keep a copy of your entry and check it with the published results. If you've lost you send your stake by the day specified on the coupon. If you've won you wait for the money.

Between six and seven million people in Britain do this every week, and the pools have to-day become an enormous industry, one firm alone, and not the largest, dealing with 7,000,000 letters a month, spending £12,000 in postage, and paying out a similar amount in wages.

The pools are scrupulously fair, and many aver that they do little or no harm as stakes are strictly limited and the vast majority of entrants content themselves with an outlay of 6d. in the hope, the faint hope, that one Saturday night they may find that they have achieved independence for life.

It is the little man's little gamble, but as far as one can see he places it in its proper perspective.

But the Football League does not approve, and on Tuesday last it was announced that it was going ahead with its plans for scrapping all existing fixtures, thus making it practically impossible for the pools to print their coupons in advance, and placing the future of their business in peril. The loss of employment that may ensue is also no inconsiderable item, and it is for this reason that many are watching the turn of events with anxiety.

FUN *of the* FAIR IN CHINA

ITINERANT ACTORS: Members of a travelling Chinese troupe giving a performance at a village fair in the presence of an enthusiastic audience of youngsters. The handsome "leading lady" in the centre is a boy. *On left*—Fortune tellers who make an easy living by trading on the credulity of the passer-by

THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER: Another popular act at all village fairs in China and, indeed, in private houses where itinerant performers are always welcomed on birthdays and other notable festivals of the year. The repertoire of the touring companies seems to be almost inexhaustible; particularly with regard to plays, the actors being ready to stage at a moment's notice any well-known national drama which a member of the audience may call for. The scenery is invariably of the scantiest, but this is offset by the incredible skill of the players in creating atmosphere

FROM A PAINTING BY ALGERNON TALMAGE, R.A.

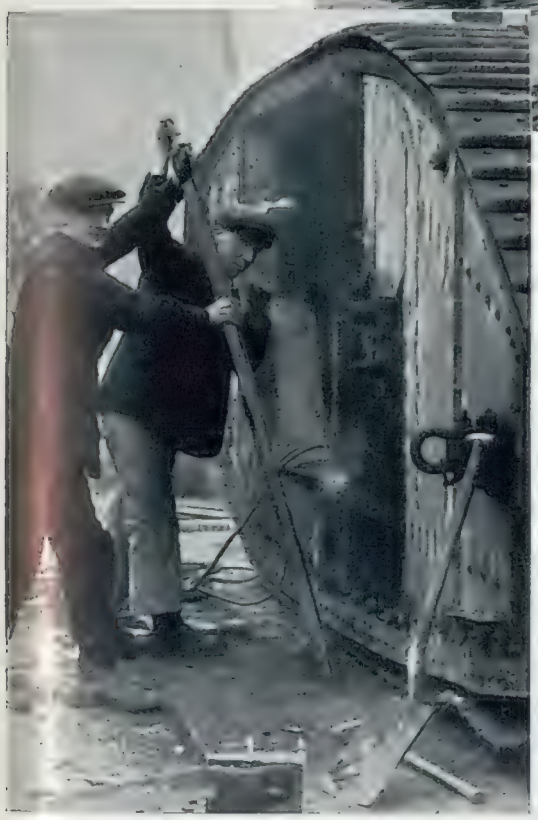
A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 C.F.H.

NEWS from the PRO-VINCES

○

Two Hundred Tons of Italian Marble being Salved in Devonshire—Trappist Monks who are Building their own Monastery

ONE EFFECT OF SANCTIONS: Owing to the embargo imposed on British imports from Italy, monumental masons in this country are handicapped by a serious shortage of marble, so, in order to relieve the situation and to take advantage of the price increase, a Mr. Partridge of Salcombe, Devon, is salving a cargo of over 200 tons of Italian marble, wrecked in 1881 near Bowcombe Creek, Kingsbridge, and his men are pictured here bringing ashore some of the seaweed-covered stone from the spot where it has been lying half embedded in mud



A GREAT WAR RELIC SCRAPPED: A tank, which has been displayed at Great Crosby, near Litherland, Lancashire, being demolished by workmen in accordance with the orders of the district council

FIRE DOWN BELOW: Firemen playing their hoses on to the blaze on the yacht, *Jenny III* which, for no immediately apparent reason, went up in flames as she was lying on the stocks in Messrs. Aldons' shipyard at Brightlingsea, Essex. Although the brigade was on the spot within five minutes, the craft was completely gutted

A SCOTTISH "KLONDYKE": Mr. John Wickham, of Kitleyknowe, owner of a Peeblesshire farm near Carlops, pointing out some of the deposits of silica which have been found on his property and from which it is anticipated that he will reap an immense fortune as it is of great value for a wide variety of commercial purposes, and, being transparent to ultra violet rays, finds special uses in spectroscopy

HELPING THEMSELVES: One of the seventy Trappist monks of the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, with "Timothy," the bull, on the home farm which is run by the fathers. At the moment the community, which has taken vows of absolute silence, is engaged in building a new monastery and most of the stone is being dug from a nearby quarry

ENTER A BONAPARTE

The French Debrett Adumbrates the Growing Interest of French Royalists in the Claims of Prince Napoleon, the Great Grand Nephew of Napoleon I

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A NEW figure, that of a tall and slim, quite young man, has of late unmistakably begun to stalk in the wings of troublous French affairs, and his name is Bonaparte—"His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, chief of *La Maison Impériale*," to give him the resonant style by which he heads the French Debrett of the current year, heads it, notably, directly in front of a second tall and slim young man, the Comte de Paris.

The attention of the present writer was first awakened to the oncoming of a fresh Bonaparte cult some time ago when one or two patriotic French films—such as *Veillée d'Armes*, which gained second prize in a national competition last year—oddly, and for no apparent reason connected with the story, came to be punctuated or terminated by misty, impressionistic silhouettes of *l'Empereur* at great moments of his *épopée*. Cheers from the audience. Next, with increasing frequency one was confronted by pro-Bonaparte writings and thoughts in the Press, more particularly in the reviews and magazines. Followed several publications in book form, the majority reprints, but one or two specially written with the object of fitting the Emperor into to-day, into its colossal problems . . . would not he have managed to surmount them, titan that he was? Obvious propaganda. More obvious still was to follow.

There arose a clamour for the return of the body of the Duc de Reichstadt from the Capucine crypt in Vienna in order that the immortal Aiglon might rest beside his father in the Invalides. This campaign continues strongly, it being assured in advance that weak Austria of this year of grace would not oppose any such return, whereupon the reception of the remains, from the frontier onwards to the Seine, would be made the occasion of great emotional fervour reminiscent of that awakened when the dead Emperor was borne home from St. Helena in 1840, and borne beneath his Arc de Triomphe. Whatever dire ravages he brought to the country of his semi-adoption, Napoleon lived immensely in millions of hearts that day, in millions of the most *Gloire*-struck hearts in the universe.

THE YOUNG PRETENDERS: Prince Napoleon-Louis (*left*), twenty-two year-old son of Prince Napoleon-Victor and the former Princess Clémentine of Belgium; and the Count of Paris (*right*), son of the Duke of Guise, head of the Bourbon-Orléans family. They are rival candidates for the throne of France where there is now a growing movement towards a restoration

The next item in what in other latitudes would doubtless be called "the Bonaparte Drive" has just been enacted in the realm of the theatre. One does not refer to a buoyant revival of *Madame Sans-Gêne* at the Comédie Française, but to the latest revue by Rip, *Le Guéridon Empire*, which is built, right through, about the Emperor as applauded hero. Rip is the poet-satirist of to-day's France, and when he launches an idea—well, the circumstance approaches in the matter of topicality a Noel Coward's forestalling of the public way of thinking, with a *Cavalcade*. You may be sure that the Rip idea has been, no doubt, unconsciously permeating the minds of his public-to-be, at least in the capital, where big events are most times conceived. "After all," observes one leading critic, "there may be some subtle relation of cause and effect between the prevailing unrest and the interest now taken in the meteoric being 'whose memory is the most extraordinary of all those which ever dazzled mankind' (to quote Jacques Bainville)."

The relationship may not even be as subtle as all that . . .

Before proceeding to another, less theatrical, stage, perhaps it may be added that Rip reads this charming period much as does Charlie Chaplin—namely, that we are all batty. He makes the Emperor be freed from military service on the grounds of mental deficiency, because of certain comments he ventures, and then Napoleon decides to go in for journalism on the premise that now as ever one can get away with murder so far as the public is concerned. N. finishes up as the triumphant green-shirt ruler of a People's Empire, surrounded by courtiers fashioned to resemble contemporary French leaders. "Cyclonic" curtain each night. The green-shirt, by the way, is the emblem of the Peasant Fascist Party, started by the young journalist, Dorgères, and now said to number 2,000,000 active members.

So, the scene changes. . . .

To an unpretentious grey mansion in the Avenue Louise, Brussels.

In this house, usually shuttered for the most part, have lived for close on a score years a widow and her son. Outside of a small Court circle, no one took any notice of them until recently. The former Princess Clementine, widow of Prince Napoleon-Victor, is now a greying sexagenarian. Her husband, whom she was not allowed to marry until she was nearly forty, died in 1916. Theirs had been a famous romance over the years, unloved old Leopold II refusing to grant his last unmarried daughter the happiness she craved. Prince Victor was even less in the line of *L'Empereur* than most of them. He was just a retiring, agreeable gentleman, content to live his life in Brussels, an exile, waiting on the woman of his heart. The Bonapartists are now wondering if they have got anyone of greater force of character in the person of young Prince Napoleon. For this young gentleman has lately come of age, and has marked the event by putting forward prior claim to the throne over the Bourbon aspirant.

The Bonapartists are wondering about their new young man, because up till now, all through the decades since Waterloo they have waited in vain for more than a spark of the Emperor to emerge in one of his descendants. The Aiglon died either of TB. or precocious living, most likely a mixture of the two. Napoleon III showed flashes of the real spirit at Ham and later, but in middle life turned flabby, and at the crisis was quite below sample. It is to be doubted whether the Prince Imperial would have soared higher—had he lived. Too much of the *enfant gâté* early on. The next pretendant, Victor, has been noted. And now, his son . . . can he be an Aiglon of the Nineteen-Thirties?

Young Prince Napoleon issued the first pronouncement of his life not to his own adherents but to a Bourbon delegation dispatched from Paris to report what kind of a person was this opposition pretender; and might it not be possible to come to an arrangement with him? Royalists and Imperialists must only continue to waste their strength if they remained in opposition one to the other. It had long been thus, with the Royalists heavily the major party. Ought the two factions not to combine, now that there was a real chance of overthrowing the Republic? The present regime was steadily condemning itself. Increasingly, France clamoured for a change. The English Jubilee had added its effect on popular sentiment. And so had the accession of world-popular Edward VIII. Now, in the near future, was the time to move! Let Bonapartists and Bourbons unite, thereby winning the necessary strength to strike down the fell Republic! Why, the thing had come within an ace of being done in 1875, when H.R.H. the Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X, had been offered the throne; and Henry V he could have been but for his stupid, arrogant demand that the tricolour be replaced by the white of the Fleur-de-lys! Imagine quarrelling over a flag, losing a throne for a mere symbol!

. . . Under the rose the *Ligues* were paramountly for King or Emperor, and they held the fate of France—the Croix de Feu, the Solidarité Française, the Camelots du Roi, the Jeunesse Patriots. All would rally to a common standard if the Man were forthcoming as leader. And surely that Man was the Comte de Paris, admittedly the best Bourbon or other claimant for many a long day? The young Dauphin who edited his own paper, who flew his own machine, who would inherit great wealth and possessions in Morocco, who was wed to a Princess of France and had already founded a virile little family, who so loved the land of his fathers that he had settled in a chateau whence he could survey the fair fields of France? A Dauphin who had passed the best examinations at Louvain University, a young "sportsman" entirely of this age and good to look upon, to boot! Why go further than the Comte de Paris? The Church was for him. (So was Weygand! So was de la Roque!) So, finally, was the father, Monseigneur himself. The Duc, who might have been Jean III, was more than ready to stand down in favour of his son.

Vive Henri VI!

THE DUKE OF GUISE who, in the event of a restoration in France, it is thought would waive his claim in favour of his son, the Count of Paris. The latter was married in 1931 to Isabelle Princess of Orléans and they have three children, including a male heir, Prince Henri, who was born in 1933

With something akin to such argument is the Bourbon delegation reputed to have sought audience lately in the dull-looking house of the Avenue Louise. Then came the Imperial pronouncement.

Or, more correctly, it did not come right away. "The Prince waited alone in his study. He motioned his callers to be seated, but himself remained standing, an arm on the mantel-piece. Thus he looked down silently from his great height.

"After a while he curtly announced that under no circumstances would he form any political or other alliance with the Bourbons. He reminded his hearers that the last monarch of France had not been a king. He also impressed upon them that the fact of his being a distant cousin of Napoleon III did not overwhelm him. The descendancy that appealed to him was other. He was the great-grand-nephew of l'Empereur himself, in direct line through his father, Prince Victor, son of Napoleon Joseph, son of Jerome King of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon I."

And that was all. Somewhat taken aback the Bourbon adherents withdrew. Whether well-schooled in what to say or not this pretendant-Aiglon had certainly said it.

Since then others have called in the Avenue Louise. Apparently they are unable yet to make up their minds about its young occupant; certainly they are not so convinced as are others concerning the personality of the Comte de Paris, whose town house is not far away. Incidentally, the two young pretenders are acquaintances socially, though not close ones. Prince Napoleon also graduated from Louvain, as did the Archduke Otto, who likewise lives not far away.

Prince Napoleon will converse openly and brightly on science, art, and literature but he refuses to be drawn on anything else. He declines to discuss any plan or any hopes. No doubt (it is suggested) he is here conforming to the will of his strongly-charactered mother. And here we come upon an important factor. Young Napoleon and his mother are among the richest.

To stage a successful *coup d'état* today, immense preparatory spending is necessary. This is where Otto is handicapped, and it may in some measure explain his recent unhappy descent upon Paris just at (for him) the wrong moment. He is in no position to recruit the army of agents, politicians, journalists, even officers and troops, that it is necessary to subsidise if a successful return to the throne is to be encompassed. But his co-Pretenders of Brussels have the necessary funds. For long the Duc de Guise has been financing propaganda in favour of his House. Now it is only recently that Prince Napoleon and his Coburg mother have followed suit.

Far is it from this observer's intention to make even the remotest guess. All that it may be meet to point out is that, the way France is currently drifting, anything could happen there.

A GATHERING OF WORLD TALENT: Competitors pictured on the ice before the start of the recent contest for the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship, one of the features of the Winter Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria

THE CHAMPION: Sonja Henie, of Norway, holder of the European and Olympic figure skating titles

QUEENS of THE ICE

At the Winter Olympic Games

The gallant attempt of fifteen-year-old Cecilia Colledge, of Britain, to dethrone Sonja Henie, of Norway, skating champion of Europe for ten years and twice Olympic champion, narrowly failed when the Winter Olympic Games were concluded recently at Garmisch, but the English girl covered herself with glory, and the fact that she was only defeated by 424.5 to 418.1 . . . testifies to the closeness of the contest. A crowd of 12,000 spectators—including General Göring and Herr von Papen—watched entranced as the rivals gave a magnificent exhibition of their skill, and but for a slip by Miss Colledge in the first minute, it would certainly have been very difficult to choose between them. Miss Henie, who has announced her intention of retiring, but may not do so after all, was reported last week to have received an offer of £20,000 to turn professional and make a tour of t e United States, but she refused it immediately on the grounds that she had no wish to make money out of the sport

THE RUNNER-UP: Cecilia Colledge, of Britain, who lived up to expectations by her brilliant performance

THE ALPS IN

A Unique Se
in Order to Sh

"WHEN WINTER COMES TO RULE THE VARIED YEAR": Three great peaks completely covered with snow, except for their steeply-pitched surfaces, while the farm buildings in the valley are almost lost to sight under their heavy burden

ON A SUMMER DAY: The same scene as that depicted in the top left hand corner of this page, but taken some six months later. A few lingering remnants of snow remain on the higher slopes, but the grassy valley is very differently revealed

FROM MEANDERING STREAM TO ROARING TORRENT: Two contrasting impressions of the same stretch of water; one showing it almost frozen over, the other in mad career after a thaw on the slopes above, when its thunder can be heard all through the little valley

A SKI-ER'S PARADISE

WINTER BURDEN

The Alps in winter, a glistening fairyland of almost incredible beauty, with the giant peaks clothed in their majestic mantle of white; the Alps in summer, a paradise alike for nature-lover and mountaineer, with wild flowers delicately perfuming the invigorating upland air. These are impressions familiar to countless visitors to Switzerland which, in common with but few other countries, has

SUMMER AND WINTER

of Pictures Specially Taken for "The Sphere" the Dramatic Changes Wrought by the Seasons

Ideal slopes for the winter sports enthusiast that become in summer (*below*) a grazing ground for the cattle on the high pastures

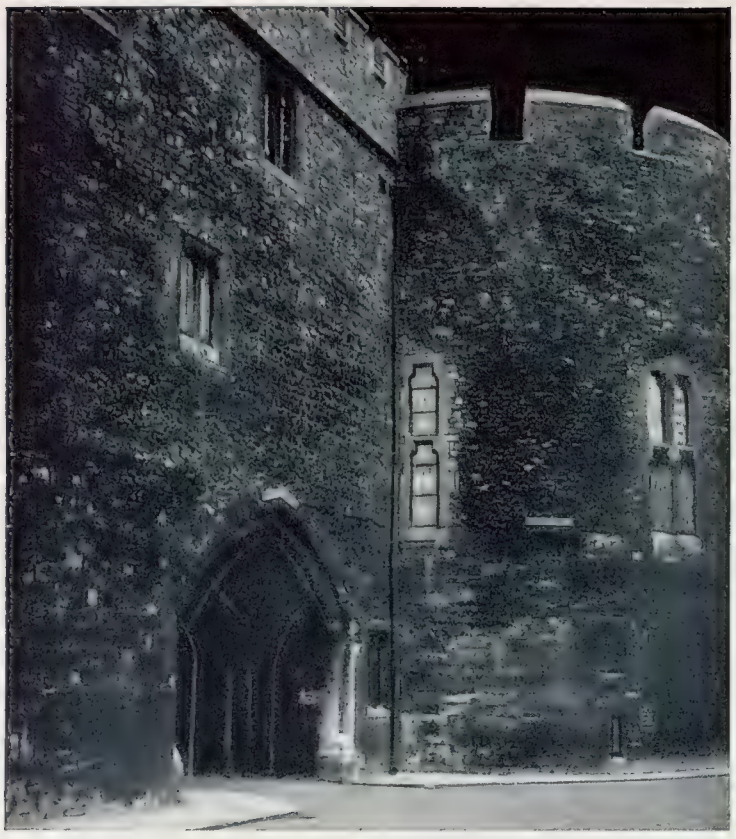
MIRRORED IN THE CRYSTAL CLEAR WATERS: A striking winter scene high up in the mountains, with the countryside presenting a desolate but also strangely beautiful appearance

AFTER THE GREAT THAW: The mountain still mirrored in the lake but now shorn of the greater part of its canopy of white and silhouetted more boldly against the sky

THE PATH BY THE PINES: As it is when the ski-ing folk are abroad in the land, and (*below*) as it is at harvest time

SUMMER VERDURE

attractions, scenic and otherwise, to offer at every season of the year. It is diverting, therefore, to contrast some of the Alpine beauty spots as they are during the winter sports season and as they are during the warmer months; and the above views, representing what must be a unique series, have been specially taken at the request of "The Sphere" by the well-known photographer, Meerkamper. In nearly every pair of pictures, it will be noted, the operator has endeavoured to place his lens at exactly the same angle thus including exactly the same objects, and the result is certainly one of unusual interest



THE BLOODY TOWER AT NIGHT: The arch where a sentry issues a challenge and through which the keys of the fortress are carried by the Chief Warder after he has completed his nightly task of locking the main gates and is on the way to the Guard House. This tower was called by its present name as early as 1597, and its upper chamber is believed to have been the scene of the murder of the little Princes

THE CEREMONY IN 1902: Mr. Middleton, who was then Chief Warder, raising his hat as he uttered the words "God preserve King Edward VII." A drawing made for "The Sphere" by R. M. Paxton

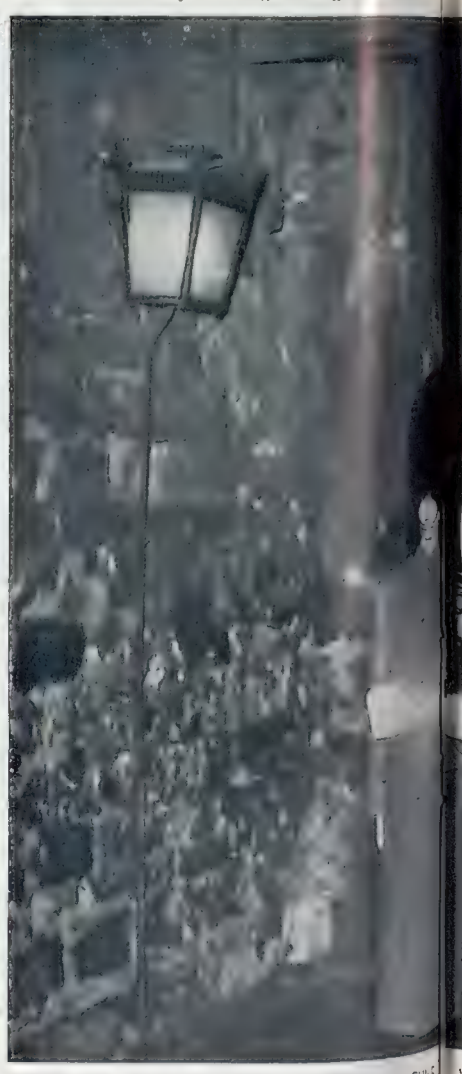
Elaborate Ceremonial at London's Palace, Prison, and Fortress

The accompanying pictures, which have been specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis, vividly conjure up the scene which for centuries past has been such a picturesque feature of the ceremonial of the Tower of London but about which the general public hears only occasionally. The Chief Warder (formerly known as the Yeoman Porter) is the central figure in this nightly drama. It is a point of interest that the Byward Tower, which the Chief Warder is pictured locking for the night, shares with the Bloody Tower the distinction of having a portcullis in working order. There are no others in England

"Whose Keys?"—"King

THE CHIEF WARDER AND HIS ESCORT ON THE WAY T

A change in the wording of the six-hundred-year-old ceremony of locking up the gates of the Tower of London has taken place with the accession of Edward VIII, the keys no longer being announced as



THE SENTRY CHALLENGES . . . . . AS THE Chief

The final moments of the nightly drama at the Tower as the Chief Warder is challenged by the sentry. "Halt! Who goes there?" "Keys," replies the Chief Warder. "Whose Keys?" demands the sentry. "King Edward's Keys," replies the Chief Warder. This satisfies the sentry, who replies, "Pass King Edward's Keys, all's well." The Chief

Edward's Keys": The New Cry Which Rings Nightly in the Tower of London as the Chief Warder Completes the Ceremony of Locking the Gates

THE GATES

TURNING THE KEY AT THE PORTAL OF THE BYWARD TOWER

King George's but as King Edward's. Every night, fine or stormy, the picturesque ritual is carried through; the Chief Warder, accompanied by an escort from the guard, proceeding to the main portals in order to close them. This task completed he makes his way to the gateway of the Bloody Tower where he is halted by the sentry posted there

WARDER ADVANCES TO THE BLOODY TOWER

Warder and escort march up to the Main Guard and form up facing it. The officer commanding the Guard gives the command "Guard and escort, Present Arms." The Chief takes two paces forward, and removing his hat calls "God Preserve King Edward."

"GOD PRESERVE KING EDWARD VIII"

The guard and escort answer "Amen." The Chief Warder then falls out and surrenders the Keys to the Major and Resident Governor at King's House, and the ceremony of closing the Tower to the outside world is over for another night

the human figure in the foreground

A NOVEL BOXING ARENA: A contest in progress in the dry dock at Simonstown, near Capetown, during the annual tournament for men serving on the Africa station

The Naval Revival

Britain Faces the Problem of Bringing her First Line of Defence up to its Minimum Strength

"NAVAL revival by scare" is not the happiest way of getting the country's First Line of Defence up to its necessary minimum strength, but unfortunately it is often the only way. In the past the British Navy has been brought up to full strength on more than one occasion by the general public suddenly becoming alarmed. The Russian scare of 1885, when the Czarist Government openly talked about raiding British commerce until the country was starved into submission, brought about the 1887 Naval Defence Act, a makeshift measure at best which provided a number of small ships for the defence of the Colonies and the major food lanes but which led directly to the 1889 Naval Defence Act under which a large loan was raised for the construction of a number of battleships, cruisers of various types, and torpedo boats, the destroyer having not yet been invented. British alarm over the growth of the German Navy was more gradual and gave time for preparation which made it both cheaper and more effective.

It is not too much to say that the public has been very deeply moved by the recent revelations in the House of Commons concerning the Navy, but the Navy itself has long realised that conditions which have changed radically from those of the great war have made it inadequate for its purpose, although all hands have been carrying on loyally and as far as possible sparing the taxpayer overburdened by social charges. The position has been suddenly revealed in Parliament, and although the majority of naval officers would not go so far as many members of Parliament, they realise that the Navy would sustain many casualties, both in personnel and material, if it were called upon for active service in the present circumstances.

Worst of all, the country would certainly go short of foodstuffs and many essential supplies, for in the matter of cruisers necessary for the protection of commerce Britain has been handicapped more than any other country by the Treaties of Washington and London. We are the only country in the world wanting cruisers for the defence of long-distance lanes of food supplies, and our defensive forces of cruisers and destroyers have been regulated by those of other Powers which have no such need, and which are able to use all such ships for purposes of offence. Added to which the countries which refused to sign the Treaty of London are untrammelled in cruiser construction; for instance the French "flotilla leaders" do not lead flotillas at all but are ships of between 2,126 and 2,885 tons displacement, with a speed of 35½ to 37 knots and an armament of five to eight 5·1-inch guns. If the British Navy owned such ships it would have to call them cruisers and take them out of its very meagre quota of that type, but having refused to sign France is free to call them what she pleases.

The British cruiser fleet is limited in number by treaty and in its detail by circumstances. It is essentially a defensive force for the food supplies and it has to be able to keep the sea for indefinite periods, which means that the habitability of the ships and the health of the crews have to be considered as well as their seaworthiness, ability to stand continuous heavy weather, and fuel capacity. Other countries which design cruisers for "tip-and-run" raids can afford risks in these directions and it is on account of this that British ships are inferior in their "paper" details. It is necessary to compensate for this by numbers.

To show the points of inferiority against which it is necessary for the British to take measures, our cruisers of various types may well be compared with those of other countries. The famous "Washington" type, in which the maximum laid down by the Washington Treaty was made the minimum, all have a displacement within about a hundred or so tons of the stipulated 10,000, but in other features they vary. The latest British have a speed of 32¾ knots, an armament of eight 8-inch and four 4-inch A.A. guns and eight torpedo tubes. The latest French have a speed of 31 knots, with extra armour, aud an armament of eight 8-inch, twelve 4-inch A.A. guns and six torpedo tubes. The latest Italians have a speed of 36 knots and an armament of eight 8-inch, sixteen 4-inch A.A. guns and eight torpedo tubes. The latest Japanese have a speed of 33 knots, an armament of ten 8-inch guns, four 4·7-inch A.A. guns and eight torpedo tubes, while the Americans have 32 knots speed and armament of nine 8-inch and eight 5-inch A.A. guns without tubes.

In the big 6-inch gun type the British "Town" class has a displacemenl of 9,000 tons, a speed of 32 knots, and an armament of twelve 6-inch, eight 4-inch A.A. guns and eight torpedo tubes. The latest Americans, with a displacement of 10,000 tons, have a speed of 32½ knots and a battery of fifteen 6-inch, eight 5-inch A.A. guns, and no torpedo tubes, while on a displacement of 8,500 tons the Japanese have contrived a speed of 33 knots, fifteen 6·1-inch, and eight 5-inch A.A. guns, and twelve torpedo tubes.

In the second-class cruisers of about 7,000 tons the British *Amphion* type has a displacement of 7,000 tons, a speed of 32½ knots and an armament of eight 6-inch and four 4-inch A.A. guns and eight torpedo tubes. Corresponding details of the latest French ships are a displacement of 7,600 tons, a speed of 31 knots, and an armament of nine 6·1-inch, eight 3·5-inch A.A. guns and four torpedo tubes, while the latest Italians have a displacement of 6,800 tons, a speed of 36½ knots and carry eight 6-inch, six 4-inch A.A. guns and six torpedo tubes. It is true that they cannot keep the sea in the way that the British can, but they have no need to.

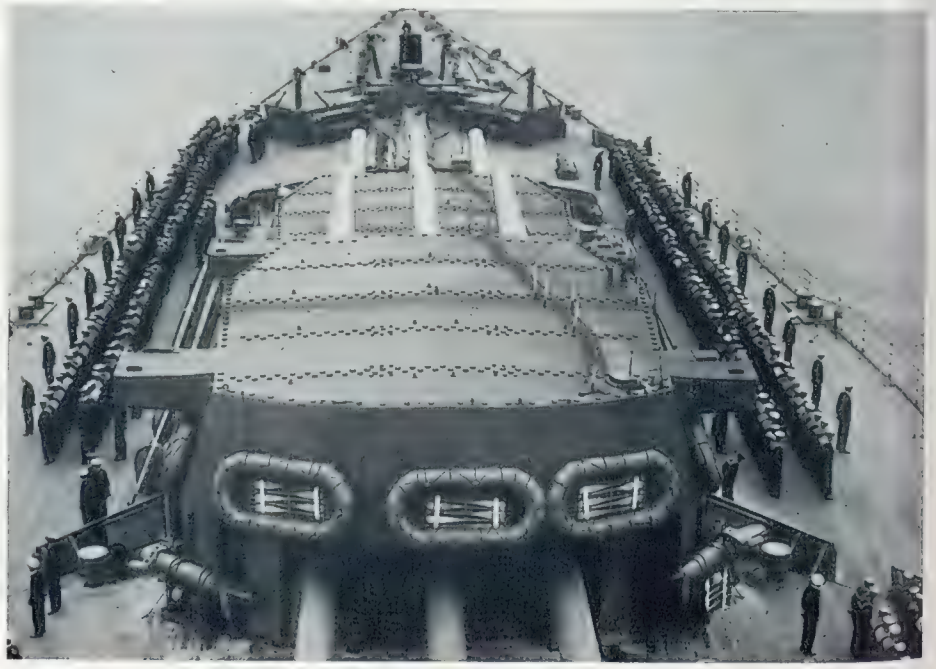
The German Navy is now building ships of 10,000 tons of which no authentic details have been published, while Russia has planned a huge programme of no fewer than forty 10,000-tonners, which has to be accepted with great reserve in spite of the fact that there is a real revival of the Russian Navy, and a very practical reorganisation of their shipyards. These factors have to be given weight, but such a programme would be colossally difficult in the best organised shipbuilding country.

Destroyers are invaluable for running down submarines operating against merchantmen in narrow waters in addition to a thousand other duties, and a large proportion of our fleet is very much over age in addition to being deficient in numbers. At the end of 1936 we will have seventy-four modern destroyers and flotilla leaders, while at the Armistice we had no fewer than 527, and every one was being employed.

Within the last few years the British destroyers have been designed with a view to homogeneity, an advantage in manœuvring, while there is great economy in standardisation. Thus the "A" type of the 1927 programme has a displacement of 1,350 tons, a speed of 35 knots, and an armament of four 4·7-inch guns, two A.A. pom-poms, and eight torpedo tubes, while the "H" type of the 1934 programme has the same displacement, a speed of 35½ knots, and an armament which is the same as their predecessors except that each ship carries eight pom-poms and machine guns against aircraft.

Homogeneity is an excellent quality, but it must not be forgotten that foreign navies have gone ahead immensely with their destroyer design. The latest American destroyers have a displacement of 1,500 tons, a speed of 36½ knots, and an armament of five 5-inch dual-purpose guns in addition to four machine guns and eight torpedo tubes. The new Japanese are 1,400 tons, 35 knots, and carry five 5-inch guns. The same armament is carried by the new German ships with a displacement of 1,625 tons and a

(Continued on p. 392)



THE MEN AND THE MACHINE: The author of this article stresses the point that it is easier to build gun turrets than it is to create bluejackets

The Rock Temples of Yuen-Kang

One of the Oldest Existing Chinese Shrines Dedicated to Buddha

The adoration of the statues of the Buddha is the chief external ceremony of the Buddhist faith—a faith which had its origin in India 500 years before the birth of Christ and, through the missionary spirit of its followers, gradually permeated north-eastwards into China, where in A.D. 65 it was acknowledged by the Emperor as a third State religion. The gigantic rock temples of Yuen-Kang, near the borders of Inner Mongolia, are, however, among the earliest shrines of their kind extant in the country, although they only date back as far as the fifth and sixth centuries of the present era. Many of the great sandstone sculptures there are influenced by Indian art, but in those that belong to a later period the expression on the faces of the images is decidedly Chinese. The size of them may be gauged by comparison with the human figure in the foreground

SAUMUR

AT THE WEEDON OF FRANCE: Some of the 1,200 horses (*left*) which are always kept in training for the use of the pupils, and a lecture on breaking-in in progress *(right)* in a stable yard—two scenes at the Ecole de Cavalerie, which was founded at Saumur, Western France, in the second half of the eighteenth century by the Marquis de Poyanne, and the pupils of which have achieved distinction at horse shows in all parts of the world, many times carrying off the highest honours in the face of fierce competition in the very exacting international jumping events at Olympia, Dublin, and other centres

THE DAY'S WORK OVER: Cadets reading in their bed-sitting room, the walls of which are adorned with numerous sporting prints and photographs. These quarters were originally built in the eighteenth century and, although for this reason none too spacious, have been made as homely as possible by their occupiers. *On left*—A DIFFICULT CUSTOMER: A horse rearing as its rider prepares to put it at one of the timber fences in the jumping school, where the obstacles are distinctly formidable

Life at the Famous French Cavalry School

AFTER MORNING EXERCISE: Horses being watered at the great drinking trough before being returned to the stables

On left — PUTTING HIM THROUGH HIS PACES: The "Lane" where the young army remounts receive their first lessons in clearing obstacles. It is not long before they learn that only at the far end will be found the oats

EQUESTRIAN SKILL: A cadet giving an exhibition of perfect balance on a rearing horse. *On left*—LONG-LINING: An early stage in the breaking-in of remounts, which are made to go round in circles and taught to answer to the movements of the rein held by the instructor

VULTURE SHOOTING

In the Kashmir Foothills

A DIFFICULT MARK: Vulture shooting, permits for which are granted from time to time by the Indian Government to accredited persons, is quite a popular sport in the Kashmir foothills, largely on account of the problems which it sets for the marksman in bringing down the giant birds. As the vultures usually remain at a great height above the earth, hovering far out of reach of the most up-to-date sporting guns, the first essential is to lure them towards the ground and in the left hand illustration a native is seen returning after placing the bait on a rocky ledge half-way up the cliff pictured on the right

THE TROPHY: A dead vulture with a magnificent wing-spread of nearly 10 ft. *Left*—The bird a few seconds after being shot as, in spite of failing strength, it made a desperate but unavailing attempt to get away. *Right*—Plunging to earth for the last time

THE peasant farmers of Kashmir have good reason to fear the vulture, that ruthless destroyer of their flocks, and it is for this reason that they welcome the marksmen who come to deal with this menace. The bait usually used on these expeditions is a sheep or goat and, as in stalking, great patience has to be exercised before an opportunity for a shot may be obtained, and even then the chances are all on the side of the vulture as it swoops down from the sky almost vertically and at tremendous speed, only pausing for a split-second to seize its prey before ascending equally swiftly to heights beyond the range of a rifle

HARBINGERS OF SPRING: Early lambs on a farm in Co. Down, Northern Ireland

On the Verge of Spring

The Opening of a New Phase in the Story of the Year

THERE is a sharp-set freshness in the air on this February day which is just on the very fringe of spring, and which always seems to mark the opening of a new phase in the story of the year. By now the woodland places are commencing to show something of the first signs of "spring's delightful things"; those things of loveliness which will presently spread themselves all about the earth. Even so, the signs are but faint as yet. A claret bloom that softly powders the birch tree, a Vandyke-green that deepens and enriches the hue of ash and elm and sycamore, a dusting of gold across the hazel copse.

Across the straight-cut furrows of the ploughlands a glimpse of the uprising green may be caught, almost invisible at present. The cornrick is still standing, but it is fast diminishing in size. Strewn all about it lie its gleanings. And here a crowd of birdfolk are busily at work, for they find this a most profitable haunt. The company consists chiefly of finches of various kinds. These twitter gently and intermittently; and whilst many concentrate upon the ground, others amongst them fly up and cling to the sides of the stack in order to secure the grains that cluster there. It is a pleasing sight to see the flutter of green and brown and white-barred wings on and about the great cornrick. There are still a number of flocks of different species scattered about the land, but soon these will be breaking up as the weeks move onwards towards the fuller season.

Chiefly the birds are mated by now; and soon the many individual pairs will become most noticeable. But the piercing cold of early February has put a brake upon the impetuosity of their spirits.

Here in the meadow the missel thrush is stalking—a well set-up figure. He stands a moment to show a fine waistcoat covered all over with deep brown triangular spots—his markings elsewhere are mostly oval in their shape. Now he runs to join his mate who is feeding close at hand; and the couple rise then together to settle high in a tree top. And here the missel thrush breaks into song—that curious song of his—so wild and so sweet. Which, the while it holds always to its own true individuality, yet is deceiving in that it seems to borrow something from both the full-throated blackbird and the song thrush. Insomuch as being one of the earliest amongst our singers, the missel thrush began his melodies in the outset of the year; bringing a sense of agreeable anticipation.

There is now a tentative music to be heard all about the countryside—some few strains of music here and there, increasing slightly on the softer days—almost completely silenced when frost or biting winds sweep through the land.

The chaffinch quite a while ago embarked upon his song; but he is still something chary in giving voice to it. And even now, in doing so, he simply starts his phrase and then breaks off, as though he felt the season to be hardly propitious at the moment. By now he and his fellows are beginning to choose their mates, and they have commenced their pretty play of the courtship time—a play full of that dash and sparkle so peculiarly their own. However, as yet they are still much pre-occupied with other matters, and so they do not give much attention to this charming pastime with which they will presently so gaily fill the vernal hours.

The thornset hedge is bare and can at this time provide no screen for the fields that lie behind it. It is only the brambles that, full of vigour, cling around it and which, contributing quite a measure of green and russet leaves that fill, in some degree, the vacancies. But beneath the hedgerow there is much that, for the most part, is jealously guarded from view by the tangled undergrowth. Already Jack-by-the-Hedge has given notice of his coming. His advance guard has made its appearance; and soon this straight stem will have about it a full complement of heart-shaped leaves. And then it will not be so long before Jack will set out his unassuming but comely white flowerheads to ornament this almost flowerless period. It is pleasant too, to find the fronded green of the dwarf Beak parsley which has, with much energy, laid itself all around the place. This is very low in its growth, and it bears much of a resemblance to the parsley.

FEW TERRORS FOR THE CREATURES OF THE WILD: Hibernating animals, says Muriel Haywood in the accompanying article, were but little harmed by the floods, thanks in large measure to their intensely keen powers of foresight

Over the way there grows a lonely dandelion; farther along a bunch of daisies has placed itself. And so, in this manner there comes a touch of colour about the scene. A parsley leaf is pushed aside and a small brown face peers forth, as the short-tailed field mouse scurries out and hastens along beside the path. He so often seems to have some urgent business on hand which tends to take him abroad and so might well be encountered at any time, although he is so shadowlike as he slips along that mostly to the casual glance he will pass unnoticed.

* * *

The people of the wild are greatly gifted in that they possess keen powers of foresight. This is a most necessary factor in the scheme of their existence. Mostly they act with speed when a danger is upon them, and mostly, also, they see to it that a possible future danger is provided against. And it is owing to this prevision of theirs that—here—the late rising of the waters apparently took but a small toll of life. As the flood-tide withdrew itself it left behind a wide expanse of ground whereon emerald-hued grassy islets rose from amid a myriad shallow silvern pools. All was set about amongst a tufted fringe of deep umber hedgerow, with here and there the dark, leafless figure of a solitary tree. A row of thorns had been half-drowned in the deluge, and now these were standing clear on dry earth. Beneath one of them, where the damp herbage was piled up in a sodden mass, lay a pathetic small body—a dead hedgehog. A hedgehog who, for some reason unknown, had foolishly omitted to use any foresight, who had not guarded himself against this particular danger, and who had thus heavily paid for the omission with his life.

As is their way most of the wild folk which are now engaged in hibernation have placed themselves in some safe place where no possible flood, however high, could reach them. It is only the careless or the reckless ones that take chances when they select their sleeping quarters for the winter months.

Muriel W. Haywood

FEBRUARY IN THE ESSEX LOWLANDS: Burning undergrowth, the ashes of which will later be used to feed the new crops—an impression by Douglas Went

WINCHESTER CASTLE'S MISHAP

Her Bows Buckled on the Rocks

THE PASSING OF MAURETANIA

Now Stripped of Her Upper Decks

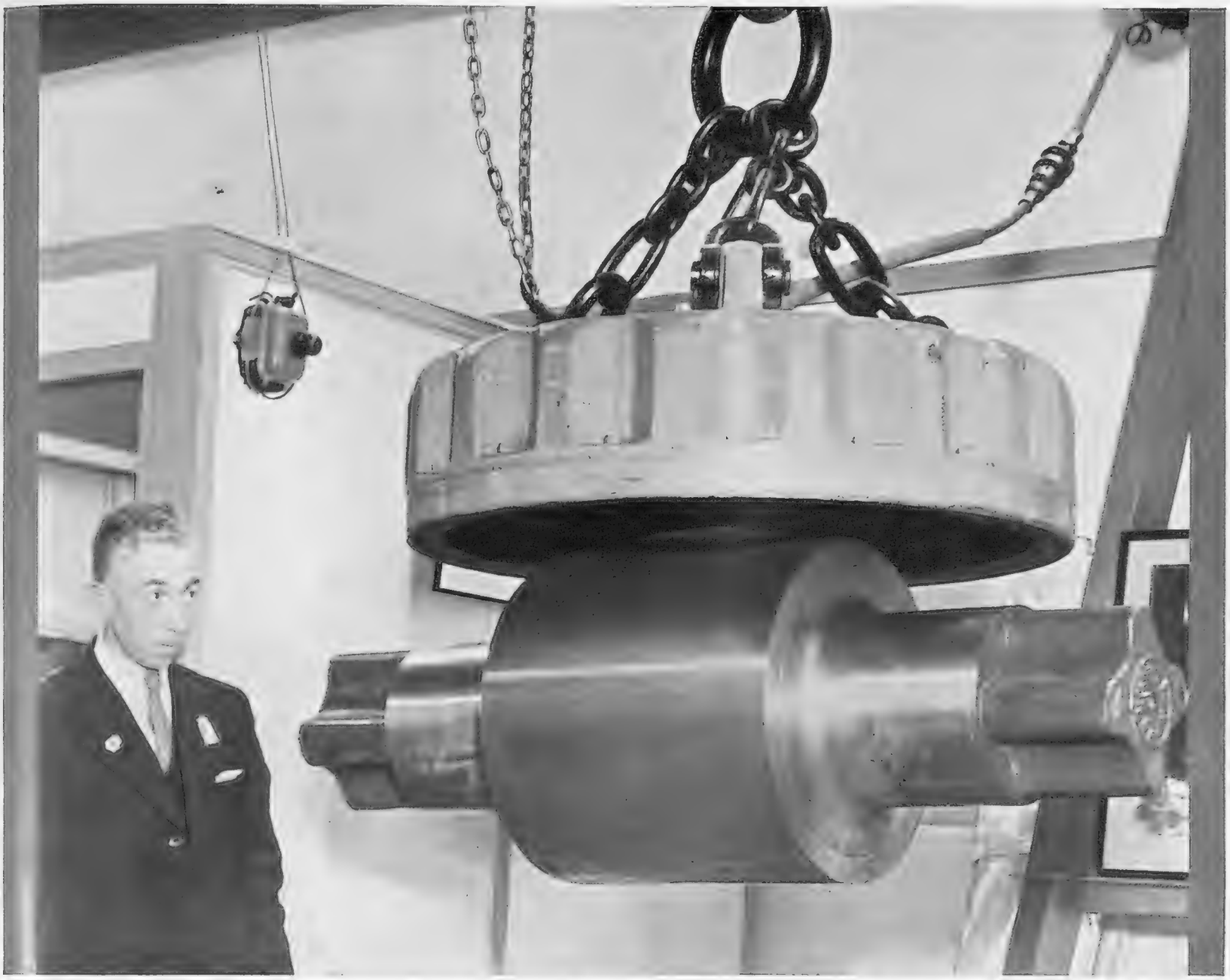
AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY'S-END: The 20,000-ton Union Castle liner *Winchester Castle*—the third largest vessel on the England-South Africa service—entering the Trafalgar dry dock at Southampton following her safe return to port after going aground on the rocks west of Portland in a dense fog on the evening of February 16. She was refloated on the high tide three hours later, while tugs and destroyers stood by, and was able to reach her destination under her own steam, disembarking her 338 passengers none the worse for their experience. At first the damage to the liner was not thought to be serious, but a detailed examination in dry dock revealed that the forefoot is twisted and bent to port for a length of twenty to twenty-five feet, while for about a hundred feet from the stem the port and starboard plates are cracked and buckled

THE GRAND OLD LADY OF THE ATLANTIC NEARS HER END: All that is left of the Cunard White Star liner, *Mauretania*, which for some months past workmen at Rosyth have been engaged in breaking up for scrap. Several other Atlantic vessels are also meeting, or scheduled to meet, a similar fate

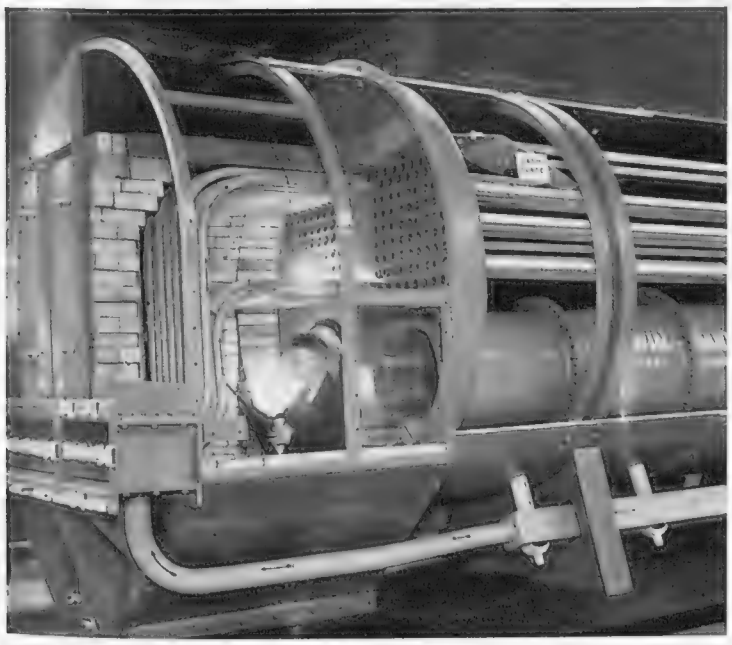
A BATTERED GIANT: The buckled bows of *Winchester Castle* being inspected by Board of Trade officials in the Trafalgar dry dock at Southampton where Messrs. Harland & Wolff Ltd., the well-known firm of marine engineers, are now engaged in making repairs. She is one of the most luxuriously equipped vessels in the Cape service

THE HEAVY SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

Some Notable Engineering Exhibits at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

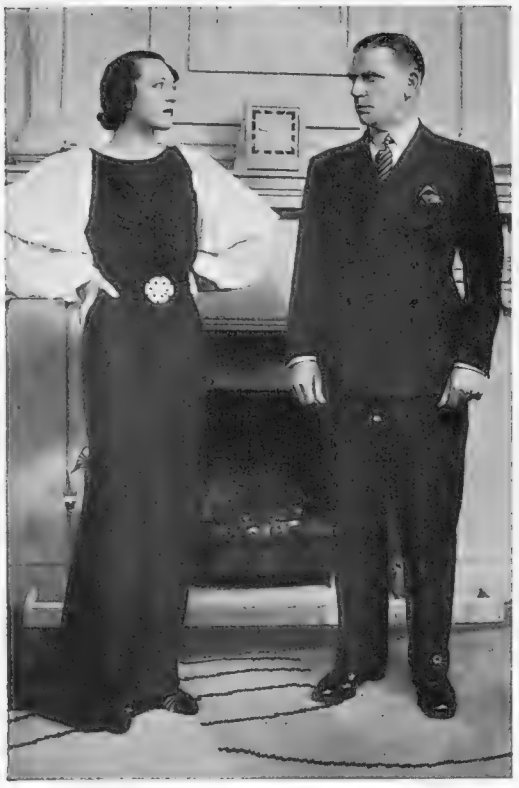


MODERN MAGIC: This magnet—one of the wonders of the heavy section of the British Industries Fair—has a diameter of only seventy-six inches and yet can lift no less than forty-six tons. As depicted on the right it is also capable of making a chain of steel links rig'd even without contact with them—an exhibit that suggests how fully alive are our manufacturers to the possibilities of showmanship as a means of introducing British goods to home and foreign buyers. This year the Fair at Castle Bromwich has again made progress from the point of view of size, over 1,000 firms booking about 300,000 sq. ft. of space, while the trade done and the number of enquiries received caused general satisfaction



ANOTHER ENGINEERING WONDER: This patent, economic boiler, exhibited at the Fair, has incorporated in its design a system of improved water circulation. It has been found also that in operation the water in the bottom of the boiler has a temperature practically equivalent to that at the working level, thus successfully eliminating stresses and strains due to uneven expansion—in the past a constant source of tube leakages. Another important claim is that the hot gases in the combustion chamber are used to the full, thus helping to make it possible for the boiler to evaporate 25 per cent. more water than an ordinary model of the same size

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*



BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE HAYMARKET: Ivy des Vœux and Ian McLean in James Bridie's *Storm in a Teacup*, a comedy from the German which is proving quite a success

DRAMA:

Large-scale but Poor Entertainment at the Palace: "Three Men on a Horse," a First-Class Farce at Wyndham's

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

THE new musical comedy at the Palace Theatre is called *At the Silver Swan*, and on the whole, it is rather less funny than *Lohengrin*.

At least, the swan, which in the opera has been known to do some odd things, here served merely as a signpost of an inn somewhere near Melbourne. The period of the play is 1876, and most of the humour is of the type at which they may have laughed in Australia in 1876, though I doubt it. Half an hour or less of this innocent fun got me "down under" as it were. Those who purveyed it, and who had been left so sadly in the lurch by the authors maintained, however, an air of cheerful serenity. This may have been due to innate heroism. The more probable cause, I fancy, was the fact that most of them being foreigners they were unable to appreciate to the full the imbecility of the lines which they had to speak.

This particularly applies to a lively pair of Hungarians, Mr. Steve Geray and Miss Magda Kun, who romped with great good humour through the witless fooling which had been allotted to them. Miss Kun, who can dance and has a dainty pair of underpinnings, occasionally seemed to give up altogether the struggle with the English language and to indulge in strange yodelling noises. In a bridal bedroom scene she had to greet the laboured double-meanings which so delighted a friendly first-night audience with a series of inarticulate monosyllables, and in another scene she had to be overcome with hiccoughs.

Mr. Geray hinted, as he has hinted before, that in his native Hungarian (a difficult language with which I am, unfortunately, not acquainted) he might have set the theatre in a roar. Since his English appears to be but little better than my Hungarian, he had to rely largely on visual buffoonery—putting, in a state of supposed intoxication, his watch outside his bedroom door and his boots beneath the pillow; placing his coat in the bed and hanging himself up on a coat-hanger in the cupboard; spraying scent into his whisky and perfuming the room with squirts from a soda-water syphon. Did they use syphons in small Australian hotels in the 'seventies? I doubt it. I doubt, too, whether a famous French star from the Moulin Rouge would have turned up, with a Pekingese dog and her maid, to sing "shock-eeng" little ditties in surroundings suggestive of a combination of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet* and *The Girl from the Golden West*.

Thank goodness the French star did turn up, for the part was played by Mlle Delysia, who has never been more charming, in better voice, or more of "a good sort," and never, surely, all those things in more difficult and incongruous surroundings. She was the beneficent fairy who saved from lynching a young miner who was supposed to have kidnapped a blonde. The blonde, all tresses and distresses, was played by Miss Marta Labarr, who appeared to be waging a losing battle with the English accent and an attack of bronchitis. But she looked uncommonly pretty and is obviously a fine singer when in form. She sang a love duet with Mr. Bruce Carfax but afterwards took only a vague part in a story I found much too complicated to follow in detail.

While they changed the scenery, bushrangers paraded vocally before a front cloth. Their ditties were conventionally rousing; but I would have preferred the soloist bushranger to be a baritone or a bass. A rather mild tenor voice hardly matches a bushy and bushranging beard, a life of desperate crime among the gum trees, and the Adam Lindsay Gordon stuff generally. Mr. Jack Barty made some welcome appearances as a low comedian, giving a flavour of London 1936 to Balleroo 1876, and some speciality dancers, Lucienne and Ashour threw each other about amusingly to a tune which started off like the Toreador's song from *Carmen*.

Miss Doris Zinkeisen has designed some costumes meticulously in the period, which does her credit, but is, none the less, the worst that could be said of them, for the period is undeniably hideous.

This large-scale entertainment works smoothly, and shows throughout the efficient professional touch of Mr. John Harwood, the producer. But I have rarely known so much effort go to so little purpose.

"Three Men on a Horse."—The "blameless fool" has served in many dramas from *Parsifal* downwards (or as my friend, Mr. W. J. Turner, would probably put it, from *Parsifal* upwards). At Wyndham's he can now be seen in a very, very funny play spotting winning horses.

Three Men on a Horse is a farce which is widely different from most farces in that it makes one laugh. I have heard it said that for a farce which does not rely for humour on its situations there is no sort of hope. Don't you believe it—if that farce comes from America. *Three Men on a Horse* is not without its good situations, though there are not many of them. A mild little suburbanite, who likes his job of writing sentimental verselets at forty dollars a week and does not want to lose it, is an infallible picker of winners. He picks them on his bus on the way home and never bets on them, "because it would not be right, and would spoil everything."

He falls in with three toughish gentlemen who live, or fail to live, by picking losers. They discover his powers and grapple to their souls with hoops of steel this Eldorado in a shabby grey suit who wins huge sums for them while longing for his homely wife and his "40 bucks per."

And that is about all. But the speed at which the piece is played, its wealth of the oddest "wise-cracks" (that over-worked word is here apt and indispensable), its quaint characters, and the shrewd and hard-bitten philosophy of semi-gangster-land make it a delicious dish. I am as certain that I enjoyed every moment of it as I am that no Englishman could have written it and no English company could have played it.

That playing by an all-American company, was, with one glaring exception who overdid the whining and sobbing in Act I, quite perfect. Mr. Romney Brent, who is remembered by his useful work in a Cochran-Coward revue, was vastly successful in a sort of part Jimmy Welch or Weedon Grossmith would have played in the long ago. Mr. Bernard Nedell, whom also we remember and like, knows so well how to be flashy, plausible, a bit of a scoundrel, yet not unsympathetic and by no means unamusing; and never has he been better.

As for Miss Claire Carleton, who chewed gum persistently and when she spoke emitted noises like the gentleman who runs Punch and Judy shows at street corners (this I am informed, is not her natural voice), she is pretty enough to break a score of hearts and funny enough to strain a thousand more.

"Petticoat Fever."—A Mr. Dismore was heir to a peerage and lived in a hut in Labrador, snow-bound and gloomy, and 100 miles from the nearest living soul. He had, it seems, chosen the Arctic circle because he had lived in the best circles in London, and he had dined, we gathered, frequently and expensively at the Embassy Club. He had also planted rubber in Java, which he found too hot, so chose Labrador, which he found too cold.

As there was no sort of stain on his name, and he appeared to have plenty of money, I cannot imagine why he left London. But had he not done so, *Petticoat Fever*, a farce-comedy at Daly's, would never have been written, and its author would have been poorer by many dollars, for this piece ran for nine months in New York. Why it should have run so long it is not my business to consider. It seemed to me a rather thin and highly improbable little piece which should have been a serious comedy, and lacked the essential gaiety for farcical treatment. But there were some good moments.

The aforesaid Mr. Dismore lounged about his hut, unshaven and listless, until a baronet with an eyeglass and a female companion—I know how New York enjoys the nit-wit Englishman on the stage, and Mr. Anthony Shaw plays the part to perfection at Daly's—crashed near him in an aeroplane and craved hospitality. Mr. Dismore promptly shaved and dithered at the girl as if he had never seen one before. The baronet grew jealous and was not appeased by champagne, his host in evening-dress (which, of course, is essential in Labrador), and a cabaret provided by two Eskimo girls. The situation was saved by the appearance of Miss Eileen Peel, beautiful and beautifully dressed, by whaler or cargo boat or something. She secured the baronet for herself and Mr. Dismore secured his fiancée, and all was well. Mr. Stanley Lathbury pottered about amusingly in a surplice and snowboots as a parson from a distant mission station.

Mr. Dennis King, who played Mr. Dismore, showed that he could get away from period costumes and heroic songs and adopt, more or less, the methods of Seymour Hicks and Sacha Guitry. But the surroundings were hardly lively enough, and *Petticoat Fever* would have been improved by a touch of Petticoat Lane. Better still would it have been to revert to old Daly's traditions, give Mr. King some songs, have a whole chorus of Eskimo ladies, and re-christen the piece *The Lad from Labrador*.

W. and D. Downey

Langfier

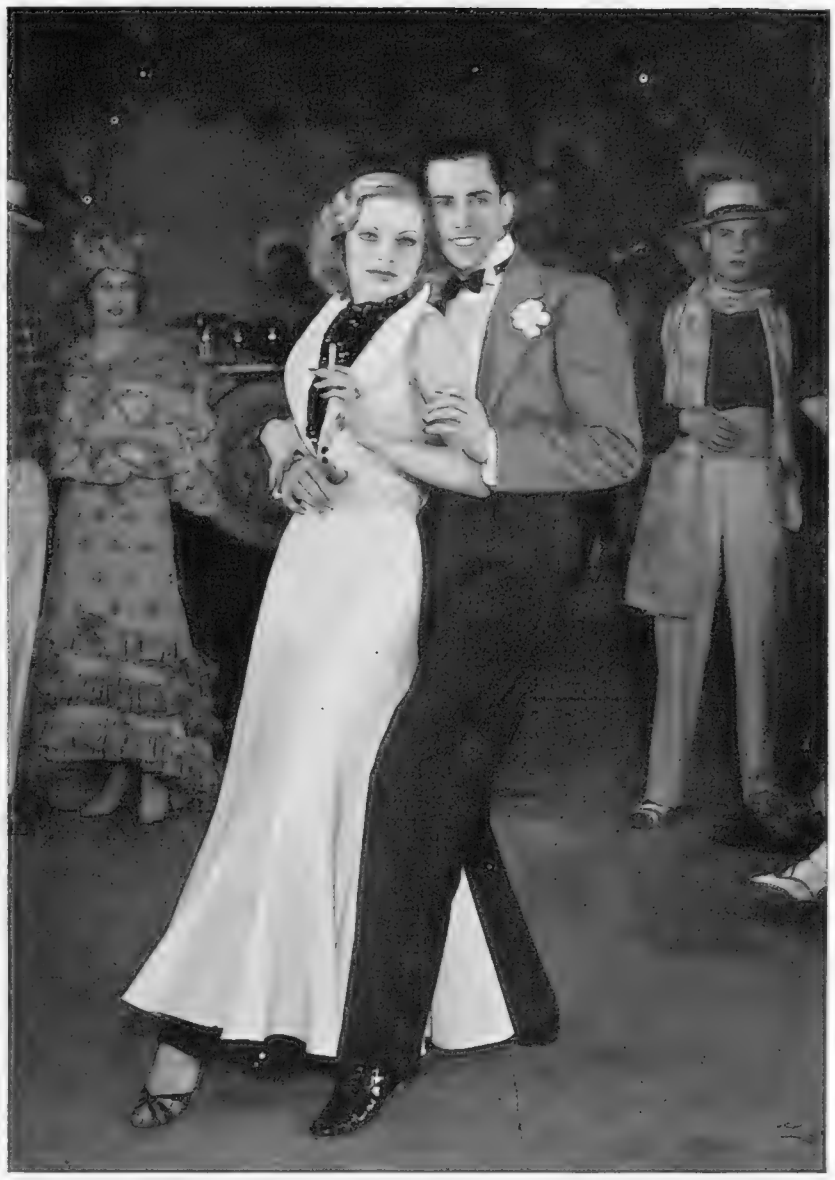
THE LATE MRS. CORA BROWN-POTTER: Three studies of the noted American actress and lifelong friend of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who died recently at Beaulieu. She was one of the greatest beauties of the last half of the Victorian era and, according to one admirer, "her oval face, luxuriant auburn hair, intelligent and lively expression, distinguished her in an age remarkable for feminine loveliness." Mrs. Potter was born at New Orleans in 1859, and she made her London début as an actress at the Haymarket Theatre in 1887, meeting, it must be said, with a poor reception. She persevered, however, and in the years that followed achieved many notable successes, essaying such parts as Juliet, Rosalind, Cleopatra, Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, and Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camélias*. The centre picture above is reproduced from a drawing made at a luncheon at Maidenhead and is the property of Mr. Frank Foulsham

STARS OF "FOLLOW THE SUN"

Cochran's Revue Comes to Stay at the Adelphi

"HOW HIGH DOES A LITTLE BIRD FLY? IS THERE A CEILING TO THE SKY?" Nick Long and Claire Luce in questioning mood in one of their brightest numbers in Cochran's popular new show, which has been playing to packed houses at the Adelphi Theatre ever since it came to London from Manchester, and now seems well set for a run of several months

\+ + +



DOWN IN CUBA: Nick Long and Claire Luce in the last episode of the first act which closes in a crescendo of delirious and dazzling dancing by principals and chorus alike. Miss Luce, it may be remembered, once partnered Fred Astaire

Special "Sphere" pictures

RINGING THE CHANGES: No Cochran production is ever lacking in variety, there is something to suit every taste, and many enjoyed the Mozart scene—an episode in extraordinary contrast to the hot rhythm of "Cuba" with its rumbas. Here Wallace Douglas, as the great composer, is pictured at the piano, and Irene Eisinger, who is usually more at home at Glyndebourne or Covent Garden, is rendering one of her delightful songs. Now that Grace Moore and Lily Pons have set the pace it seems that it does a singer's reputation no harm these days to go into films or revue

\+ + +

On left—SONG AND SATIRE: Frank Pettingell as the be-medalled and be-mustached Victorian acrobat, and Irene Eisinger, whose song number, "Kleine Acrobat," is one of the highlights of the show

FILM

Some Notable Pictures

DRAMA ON THE SPANISH MAIN: A striking scene from *Captain Blood*, the Cosmopolitan production based on Rafael Sabatini's romance of the same name, which has as its hero an Englishman transported to Port Royal, Jamaica, for complicity in the Monmouth Rebellion, but who later escapes and becomes a notorious scourge of the seaways, engaging in countless piratical raids. When the picture was recently presented for the first time at the New Gallery it was accorded a rousing reception

A RECRUIT TO THE SCREEN: Pet[illegible] voiced French opera singer, as [illegible] *Much* which has been proving [illegible] Carlton. She sang in *The Barber*

A MOVING THEME: Nova Pilbeam and Cedric Hardwicke (*right*) in Gainsborough's historical picture, *Lady Jane Grey*, which tells the tragic story of the lovely and accomplished cousin of Edward VI, who was Queen of England for only nine days and then beheaded

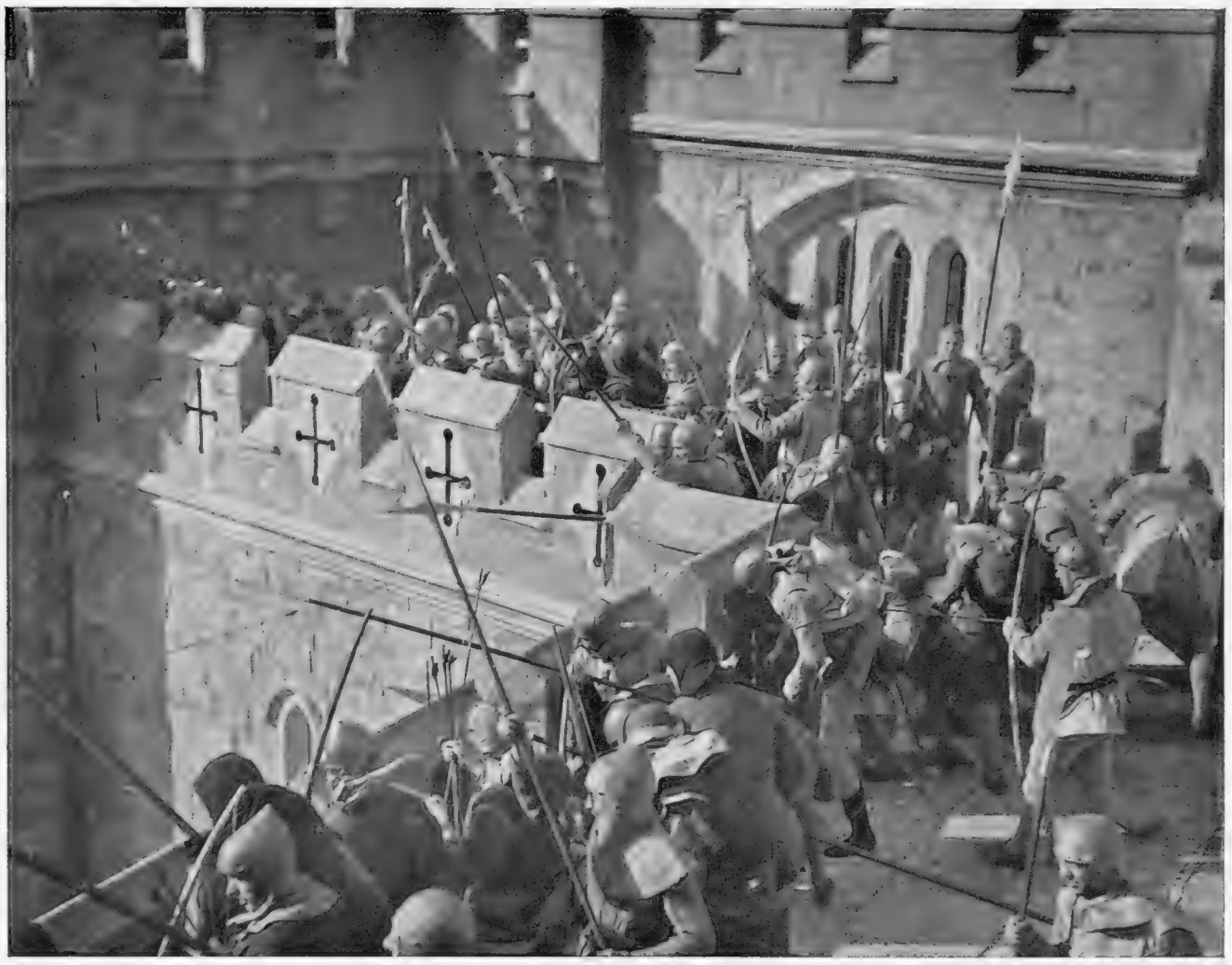
HIS FIRST BRITISH FILM: Maurice Chevalier, seen here with his co-star Betty Stockfeld, in *The Beloved Vagabond* which is now being made at Ealing. *Left*—Jessie Matthews and Cyril Wells in *It's Love Again*—a new Gaumont-British picture

CONCESSION HUNTERS: Dr. Starr Jameson (Bas[illegible] Lobengula, the great Matabele king, from whom they land. A dramatic moment in the new Gaumont which tells the life story of the great African Empire

FARE

Made and in the Making

and vivacous Lily Pons, the golden- appears in her first film *I Dream Too* great box office attraction at the *of Seville* at Covent Garden last season



AN EXCURSION INTO THE PAST: A "still" from *When Knights Were Bold*—the musical screen version of the famous play in which the late Bromley Challenor starred for so many years with such success. The film, a Capitol production, began its run at the London Pavilion last week, when it was presented by General Films Distributors, and, although well received would seem to be a piece best suited to the stage. Jack Buchanan, the musical comedy star, and Fay Wray play the leading parts

Sydney) and Cecil Rhodes (Walter Huston) parleying with were attempting to obtain mining rights and grants of picture, *Rhodes* (shortly to be seen in the West End), builder. Huston gives his usual polished performance

ON THEIR TOES: Jack Hulbert and Gina Malo who have scored a great hit with their dance numbers in *Jack of All Trades*, the latest Gainsborough musical comedy picture which had its premiere last week at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The film appears to have more than one theme, but as usual Jack finds himself in trouble, and, as the story develops, he gets involved with a gang of crooks whom he successfully outwits. Robertson Hare is also in the cast

EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND MIRIAM HOPKINS who have plenty of chances to exercise their dramatic talents in *Barbary Coast*—a recent Sam Goldwyn production notable for its clever photography, particularly in harbour scenes such as that depicted on the right

The WORLD of BOOKS

A Further Analysis of Current Trends and Statistics in the Publishing Industry

The Phenomenal Growth of the Twopenny Libraries, and Other Matters of Interest

A MODERN TWOPENNY LIBRARY: A system of book distribution which during the past few years has gained an enormous hold in this country

By VERNON FANE

UPON this page last week we discussed some of the causes of the increase of the number of books published year by year. Our figures showed that the total increase last year was 1,242, which was greater by 1,184 than the total of 1930, which was the previous record.

A further examination of these figures reveals that the greatest increase was in fiction, and the interesting fact that the highest percentage rise was in translations from foreign works. Of these, 275 were published in 1930 and 480 in 1935. Most of these were translations from the German. Interest in German books has grown steadily since the war book boom, headed by *All Quiet* and *Sergeant Grischa*, and in the publication about the same time of popular books by authors like Leon Feuchtwanger, Emil Ludwig, and Hans Fallada. In addition, of course, one must take account of the number of books published outside Germany because of the attitude of the present régime.

Surprisingly few are the number of translations from the French, but this is due not so much to a lack of interest in contemporary French literature as to the fact that the language is more universally read and understood in this country.

The most notable drop is in the number of editions de luxe, which in five years has fallen from 209 to 57, and has shown a steady and continuous decline in that period. This is accounted for by the almost total disappearance of the "signed limited edition," once so very popular among collectors of contemporary first editions.

This was a form of exploitation foredoomed to self-destruction by the very fact that the value of any edition can only in the long run be determined by its rarity. Books become really rare when their value in the first instance is not apparent, and a large number disappear. Artificially limited editions tend to be preserved by purchasers, and the rarity value is by that much diminished, with the result that people who buy, hoping to make what the City would call a quick turn, find that the sale-room price has remained static or has dropped.

The figures we have been discussing, however, only show a general tendency, since none are available to tell us, how great an increase there has been in the number of books *sold* in this or any other period. Although the total number of actual titles published shows a marked increase, it does not follow that the public demand has absorbed a commensurate amount. Some of them may very well have been failures. Yet there are many indications to prove that there has not only been an increase, but a very considerable one, in the number of books "consumed" in the past few years.

In general this can of course be ascribed to a steady rise in the standard of education following upon a rise in the standard of living spread over a larger section of the community. In particular there are many more factors at work.

The most important has been the establishment and subsequent phenomenal growth of the twopenny libraries. The library system is a firmly established habit in this country. Books borrowed outnumber the total quantity purchased outright by some millions. A curious fact is that this condition does not exist in any other country in the world. In France, where books are comparatively cheap, the lending library hardly exists; in America, where long distances are an important factor in distribution, they operate only upon a very small scale, although they are growing. In Germany the book "club" is more popular, and their members buy rather than borrow.

In England by far the greatest proportion of the sale of any average new book is to the libraries; few but the most runaway best sellers are purchased outright in any quantity by the public. By a system impressively well organised, a lending library subscriber finds the whole range of new publications at his disposal, and if he is able to pay a little extra for a "guaranteed" subscription, he may demand and receive any new book, up to a certain price, at will.

Then someone with a great deal of courage foresaw that the book borrowing habit could be extended on the multiple store principle. By establishing a nation-wide chain they were able to extend borrowing facilities to as low a price as 2d.

The result has been astonishing. In every important street in every big town these twopenny libraries have sprung into being, while out of the way districts which have hitherto been unable to support either a library or a book-shop have now flourishing branches. Not all of the books so circulated can strictly be called new, but an increasing number of them are, and show signs of continuing to be. Should the demand develop it may very well affect the whole book trade and in the long run bring about a revision in prices. The first publisher seriously to deploy to the twopenny libraries may very well ring the death-knell of the 7s. 6d. novel.

Another important factor in increasing the number of the book-reading public has been the successful establishment of the Book Society. Book "Societies," "Clubs," or "Guilds" reached this country by way of America, where their memberships attained enormous proportions, but their origin is German. It was found that there were a large number of people willing to have their books selected for them by experts, whose guidance they were willing to accept to the extent of undertaking to purchase one book a month through the club or society.

In England the Book Society was started under the genial chairmanship of Mr. Hugh Walpole, who believed that thereby a larger number of books could be distributed, the consumption of really good books encouraged, and a real service rendered to the type of person too busy to select books for himself, or who was not ashamed to accept the opinion of a distinguished literary committee upon the excellence of an individual book. In the beginning it encountered considerable opposition from the trade; opposition which has not only since evaporated but has resolved itself into co-operation. Many independent critics deplored the growth of a habit which allowed a committee, no matter how distinguished or disinterested, to spotlight a "book of the month." (Most of these critics, by the way, were themselves reviewers of books and were apparently unaware of the inconsistency in reserving the right to recommend books themselves while denying it to the committee they were attacking.)

With a good deal of courage, and with a policy of unswerving consistency, the Book Society and similar organisations continued to serve their public in their own way, with the result that they have a membership which is a constant and steady factor in book distribution.

About the same time as these new forms of distribution began to point to the fact that a new public was growing increasingly interested in books, the big popular newspapers began to take a hand. Hitherto books had not, in their sense of the word, been news. The late Lord Northcliffe would allow no book reviews in any of the newspapers he controlled (except *The Times*) unless it carried a "news" story, which rarely happened.

Then all of a sudden, when the big circulation "drive" was rampant, these newspapers discovered a large popular demand for books. Sets of all kinds, sorts, sizes and descriptions were distributed at astonishing prices, and sometimes given away: millions of books finding their way into homes in this way. When this war ended, some of the large circulation papers continued bookselling on more economic terms, and still do a large business. In them all, however, books became news, and reviews have now become a regular feature where none existed before.

A still more important development was the adoption, by certain popular newspapers, of the "book of the month" idea. In each of these cases the literary critic chooses what he considers to be the best book of the month. Upon his "choice" the attention of readers is focused in no uncertain manner, and the method is to continue interest throughout the month by constant references to that particular book and its author.

Whether this particular method of spot-lighting an individual book is a good or a bad thing for the state of literature in general has nothing to do with what I am discussing. That it succeeds in raising an individual book into the "best selling" class is beyond any shadow of doubt. The announcements of these "choices" figure large in the publishers' advertisements, and in all the bookshops they are prominently displayed. It may be argued that these books sell at the expense of others that are unchosen. To a degree that may be true, but the fact remains that more books than ever are being bought since these schemes developed.

However bad in principle this arbitrary "choosing" of books can be held to be it must be remembered that the ultimate decision upon a book's success is with the general public. And supposing the momentary spot-light to be upon something outrageously mediocre (and even newspaper critics are not infallible), there is comfort in the thought that a new reader gained for an indifferent book is always a potential reader of a good one

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEOFFREY BLES.—MANIU. By Fedor Kaul. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—THE OPPERMAN CASE. By John Bentley. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—JOY COURT. By F. Layland-Barratt. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. By Ann Stafford. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GREGORY GORM. By Harry Graham. 7s. 6d. SHUTTERS. By Martin Tree. 7s. 6d. "EAST AFRICA" LONDON.—MIXED FARMING IN EAST AFRICA. By G. R. Morrison. With a foreword by Lieut.-Colonel Lord Francis Scott. 12s. 6d. HODGE.—ROBERT BURNS. The man and his work. By Hans Hecht. Translated by Jane Lymburn. 12s. 6d. JARROLDS.—THE LUNATIC SPY. By Frank Groundsell. 12s. 6d. PAIVA: QUEEN OF LOVE. By Alfred Schirokauer. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. AMONG THE WATERFALLS OF THE WORLD. By Edward C. Rashleigh. Illustrated. 18s. THE SLEEPING WOMAN. By Joan Conquest. 7s. 6d. THE PURE FLAME. By Ethel Mannin. 7s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—WE NEED MOSAIC LAW NOW. By David Hamshere. 7s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—THERE IS NO TRUCE: A Life of Thomas Mott Osborne, Prison Reformer. By Rudolph W. Chamberlain. 12s. 6d. FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION. By Everett Dean Martin. Preface by Lord Lothian. 12s. 6d. TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED.—PETROL AND OIL ENGINES: Their Principles, Construction and Uses. 4th. Ed. 2s. 6d. WARD LOCK & CO., LTD.—BENHAM'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, PROVERBS, AND HOUSEHOLD WORDS. By Sir Gurney Benham. Enlarged and Revised Edition, 1936. 15s. AND BERRY CAME TOO. By Dornford Yates. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—THE SON OF MARIETTA. By Johan Fabricius. Translated from the Dutch by Irene Clephane and David Hallett. 9s. 6d. JOHN HAMILTON.—FALCONS OF FRANCE. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. 7s. 6d. NEWNES.—A DAUGHTER OF SATAN. Anonymous. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—BENJAMIN'S BOUNTY. By Florence Lawford. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—DOUBLE ROOM. By Hylton Cleaver. 7s. 6d. THE DEATH BOX. By Alexei Tolstoy. 7s. 6d. BARKER.—HOUSE OF ORLEANS.—By M. Coryn. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BATSFORD.—THE GOOD NEW DAYS. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Illustrated. 6s. DUCKWORTH.—LIVINGSTONE. By D. C. Somervell. (Great Lives) 2s. HARRAP.—VAN LOON ON THE AIR. Broadcasts Delivered by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—MY PIGMY AND NEGRO HOSTS. By Paul Schebesta. Illustrated. 18s. CONSTABLE.—RING OUT THE BELL. By Ann Delamain. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—DEAD MAN MANOR.—By Valentine Williams. 7s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—MURDER GOES FISHING. By Theodore Pratt. 7s. 6d. PRIVATE STARS. By Peter Stucley. 7s. 6d. QUEST. By C. Fraser. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—GENGHIS KHAN. By Ralph Fox. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—MY ROYAL RELATIVES. By Marie Louise, Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, with Paul Maerker Branden and Elsa Branden. Illustrated. 18s. ERSKINE MACDONALD.—DRAMATIC AND OTHER POEMS. By Arty Tye. 2s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—THE LAST OF THE EMPRESSES AND THE PASSING FROM THE OLD CHINA TO THE NEW. By Daniele Vare. Illustrated. 15s. THROUGH EIGHTY YEARS (1855-1935): The Reminiscences of Charlotte, Viscountess Barrington. 10s. 6d. THE FIVE SONS OF "BARE BETTY." By Colonel Hon. Arthur C. Murray. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

Messrs. W. Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd. ask us to point out that Doreen Wallace's new novel, *So Long to Learn*, which was recently reviewed prematurely in THE SPHERE, will not be published until Thursday of next week. It has been chosen by the *Evening Standard* as their Book for March.

Ford V-8

"February Fill-Dyke" does not suggest arrières-pensées to the owner of the Latest FORD V-8 (£22.10s. Tax), because its body-work is as outstandingly comfortable, roomy, weather-proof, as its performance is exemplary. An incredible stream of silent, smooth power, developed economically by its wonderful eight-cylinder engine, is coupled with gear-changing, steering, suspension and brakes of the finest Science has yet evolved; and nobody who tries a Ford V-8 for the first time has previously realised how very little all this costs. Literature on Request: All Prices at Works: Dealers Everywhere.

FORD V-8 TOURING SALOON, DOUBLE-ENTRANCE,

£250

Alternative Body-Types (Four) from £230.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Kitchen design by Mrs. Darcy Braddell. *Drawing by Lawrence Wright.*

Kitchen contemporary with the Aga Cooker . . and as efficient

Aga Heat (Africa) (Pty.), Ltd., 1st Floor, Hamilton House, Corner Kerk and Rissik Streets, Johannesburg. Also at The Cape and Durban.

Bermuda Engineering Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

Levin & Co., Ltd., Corner of Featherston & Ballance Streets, Wellington, C.1., New Zealand.

And now the kitchen—that Cinderella of architecture—is coming into its own. The 20th Century *planned* kitchen with the modern Aga Cooker as the heart of the design gives you a kitchen as clean and as efficient as a dairy, but as pleasant and as comfortable as your own sitting room. Saving time, saving energy, saving money. Producing more appetising, more healthy food more easily than ever before. No fumes or cooking smells—no dust or dirt. The Aga is the neatest, cleanest cooker ever invented. Always ready for use, it burns day and night—*but the fuel cost is guaranteed less than* £1 *a quarter* (*coke*) There is an Aga model from £47 10s. for any size of household.

Write for Free Kitchen Plans and the Aga Catalogue.

Mrs. Darcy Braddell has planned this kitchen with no dark corners, for cleanliness and easy management. See how commonsense positioning of sink, draining board and table can save time and energy by reducing unnecessary movement. And off the kitchen is a sunny breakfast-room or sitting-room that the modern servant will appreciate. Let this well-known woman designer help you. Write to the address below for the folders which give you full details, plans and elevations of these contemporary kitchens. They are free and so is the beautiful Aga book which goes with them.

AGA HEAT, LTD., 6, ORCHARD HOUSE, ORCHARD STREET, W.1.
Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.
Showrooms: 20, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1. (*Just opposite Selfridge's*)
Telephone: MAYfair 6131 (6 lines).

Guaranteed maximum fuel cost less than 20/- a quarter

The word 'AGA' is the Regd. Trade Mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

COLOUR and WEAVE Pre-determine Your Choice of FABRIC INTO FROCK

WHEN you see a new frock, what strikes you first? If your eye is trained it will probably be its line. But once you have accepted this, or if you are one of those lucky people who know what they like without closely studying the relative merits of a thing, it will probably be colour. If it is a printed fabric the design will immediately impress itself on your mind; and if it is a plain one—especially if it is a woollen—the weave.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the clothes we have been wearing and those that still have all the thrill of things-to-be lies in the materials of which they are made.

Woollens this spring are much smoother than they were although absolutely plain surfaces are still in a minority. Bouclé weaves are extremely popular, and knops give a broken colour effect to some of the nicest tweeds. We're showing you just a few on this page. For instance, No. 3 is a multi-coloured dress tweed which costs 9s. 11d. a yard at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W. On beige or grey grounds, it is flecked with black and vivid colours.

No. 7 is called Lamalaine, and also comes from them. This costs 6s. 11d. a yard and is made in black, navy, and almost every conceivable pastel shade. Rodier makes fabric No. 2 and he has christened it Vibryl-Manifyl. Slub yarn stripes overlay pastel and darker grounds, sometimes with two-toned and sometimes with contrasted effects. It costs 31s. 9d. a yard, and Marshall and Snelgrove have it, with Ray-Manifyl, a fabric of the same type in self shades. The price of this is 29s. 11d. a yard.

Much lighter to handle is No. 1 a gossamer weight woollen with large embroidered tufts in contrasting shades. Also from Marshall and Snelgrove, this costs only 12s. 11d. a yard, and we have shown immediately below it a complementary fabric which is rougher in weave and slightly heavier. This costs 15s. 11d. a yard and both are made in the same lovely colours.

So much for woollens. Now we must turn our attention to silks, which are at least equally interesting. These can be divided into two clearly defined categories. Those that are a mass of glorious colour, tone piled on tone until they look like a sun-drenched garden; and those that have neat, widely spaced designs, highly conventionalised, but full of character.

Nos. 4 and 8 come into the latter category. The first shows a watch design on navy or black grounds, the price of which is 10s. 9d. a yard. The second a bow design in white on navy or black, in black on white, purple or grey. This also costs 10s. 9d. a yard and comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, London, W.

From them, too, comes No. 5—a gaily coloured silk by Bianchini, who calls it Crêpe Persan (26s. 9d. a yard and 40 ins. wide). And No. 6, a ripple crêpe-de-chine with beautifully blended flowers on black or blue grounds.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

"MAKING THE WAYS STRAIGHT": Big improvements are being carried out to the North Road near Dunkeld, Perthshire, where many awkward bends are being modified. In the above picture the new section is being cut through the hillside

UNTIL a few years ago the well-known Renault, manufactured in France, had the radiator fixed behind the engine and the bonnet presented a pronounced sloping front to the wind. Then the designers placed the radiator in front in the orthodox position and practically did away with all slope. I merely mention this fact owing to the trend of design to-day which is to make the dummy radiator or grill slope more and more, or in other words, imitating the original Renault design which that company have more or less discarded. Probably next year the tendency will be even more pronounced, until we arrive at such an extreme that manufacturers will suddenly decide to go back to the old order of things and fit their radiators, or radiator shell, bolt upright as Rolls-Royce and Bentley do to-day.

We have just had statistics issued by the Ministry of Transport which show that only a little over half the amount paid into the Road Fund by motorists has been expended on the alteration and maintenance of the roads. This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs and could only be justified if the roads in this country were in such a state that it was difficult to make any improvements. Wherever one goes it is usual to see some road alterations in progress but as the driver passes by he discovers that it is merely a corner being straightened or a stretch of surface being relaid. Obviously, the authorities in charge of the roads in this country have not yet got the big idea.

I have it on good authority that the main Portsmouth Road from the Putney end of the Kingston by-pass to Guildford is shortly to be turned into a thoroughfare having two separate carriage-ways. That would certainly be an improvement that would reduce accidents and be the means of spending some of the money contributed by motorists to good advantage. Yet I see that near Esher the authorities are busy widening the existing road in such a way that I imagine that most of the work being done will either have to be scrapped or else altered to work in with the new plan which I have mentioned. Surely, there can be no argument that all main roads must within the next five or ten years have two carriage-ways, and if that is granted why waste money in making alterations to existing roads which will not fit in with the plans of the future?

I expect at the present moment that each county council or district council prides itself on the number of danger and warning signs which it erects in its respective area. Up to a point that pride is justified, but taking a more lengthy view of the situation I should say that no council should rest content until every danger and warning sign has been removed with safety from the main roads over which it has jurisdiction.

We are still in a hopeless muddle over the 30-mile speed limit and pedestrian crossings. Each week there are hundreds upon thousands of prosecutions, and yet in many places the built-up areas are not properly marked, although it is nearly twelve months since the speed limit was made the law of the land. Very few people, whether motorist or pedestrian, have clear ideas as to what is expected of them at a pedestrian crossing. Prosecutions, particularly in the Metropolitan area, have been numerous, and convictions are a daily occurrence. Judging by the accounts of these prosecutions, it is very rarely indeed that the police produce as a witness the pedestrian who, they state, was inconvenienced. That is not a very satisfactory state of affairs, particularly as no one is really quite certain as to the correct procedure to adopt when approaching a Belisha beacon. In this connection the R.A.C. have cleared up a rather obscure point. What should a driver do when he is told to go forward either by a policeman or by the green traffic light when pedestrians are still crossing the road by means of an authorised crossing? Apparently he should wait for them to pass to the pavement or island as the case may be, if they started to walk across before the signal to the motorist to proceed was given.

The number of driving licences issued in this country must run into millions and it is safe to assume that a very large percentage of the holders are active.

SHADES OF UNCLE TOM COBLEY: One of the new Ford V-8s outside the old church of Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, the Dartmoor village immortalised by the famous song

I suppose they drive their own cars or those belonging to friends just on journeys from one point to another and the motor car in their hands is just a means of transport. In these days of highly congested roads there is very little pleasure to be derived from driving from one place to another on a main road, and so it seems to me that the great majority of motorists do not derive the maximum amount of pleasure in driving the cars they control. In this country there is a tremendous number of motoring clubs, each of which provides for its members a very full and interesting programme of events. But although the number of clubs runs into hundreds their total membership can only amount to some thousands. These clubs are run and controlled, in the majority of cases, by voluntary secretaries and officials, but the members derive an immense amount of pleasure from competing in the various events which are held for their benefit, some of them immensely serious, but a large number of a lighter character.

I feel certain that if the very large percentage of motorists who are not members of any motoring club were to join up they would find their motor car far more intriguing than is the case at the present moment. A large number probably play golf, tennis, or indulge in some other form of sport, little realising that by driving or owning a motor car they are in a position to derive an immense amount of pleasure from the various branches of motoring sport. There are, of course, competitions which are extremely strenuous and which are inclined to damage the competing cars, but there are also a very large number of less serious fixtures which are really good fun and promote healthy rivalry, to say nothing of making the participants therein more skilful in their driving. I do not suppose there is a town or district in the country which has not its own local motoring club, and I seriously suggest that motorists who are not already participating in club life should do so.

Touching on this subject prompts me to remind my readers that the motor racing season will be starting very shortly. On March 14 the first big race meeting at Brooklands will take place, and once that fixture has been held scarcely a Saturday will pass without some important race taking place in this country or abroad. The majority of people who attend a horse-race meeting or a greyhound meeting do so for the sole purpose of betting or meeting friends. The actual spectacle of the races themselves counts for very little. In the case of motor racing the position is just the reverse. The great majority of people who attend Brooklands, Donington Park, or Shelsley Walsh Hill, come along just for the thrill which the spectacle provides, the betting facilities being quite a secondary consideration. I am glad to say that motor racing is becoming more and more popular, but we have a long way to go yet before we can say we are on a level in this respect with foreign countries.

I have received a letter from the managing director of Singer and Co., Ltd., asking me to assist him in helping to trace the whereabouts of the first Singer car that was ever built. The company are extremely anxious that this car should be found as in the course of the next few months they will be celebrating their Diamond Jubilee, and they anticipate that during that time the 250,000th Singer car will be completed. The original was built in 1904, but unfortunately the records of the present company go back only to 1909. If it is impossible to trace this particular car the company will be satisfied to find a model of the same year, or even the oldest existing Singer. If anyone has any information to impart I would be glad if they would communicate with me at the earliest possible moment.

The Ford Motor Company inform me that of the hundred or so competitors who set out on Saturday, January 25, on their long journey in connection with the annual Monte Carlo Rally no fewer than twenty-four drove Ford cars. No other make of car was so strongly represented.

If the average motorist were asked to compile a list of the number of points at which rubber enters into the construction of his car he would probably find extreme difficulty to mention a dozen places. Certainly, he would not expect to compile a list of 200, yet that is the number of parts in which rubber is used in the latest Ford V8.

INAUGURAL CEREMONY: The Exeter by-pass came one step nearer completion with the opening of the new swing-bridge over Exeter Canal. One of the largest of its type, the bridge is electrically operated and is 107 feet long with a carriage-way 20 feet wide

Solid Silver Cup and cover, with white onyx knob.

Height 7½ inches	£4 10 0
Height 10 inches	£8 15 0
Height 11½ inches	£11 10 0

Solid Silver Cup and Cover.

Height 13 inches	£10 10 0
Height 10½ inches	£6 10 0
(Without cover	£5 0 0)

Solid Silver 2-handle Cup.

Height 5 inches	£1 12 6
Height 6 inches	£2 10 0
Height 7 inches	£2 18 6
Height 8 inches	£4 10 0
Miniature replica, 2½ins.	15/-

Solid Silver 2-handle Cup.

Height 3 inches	£1 1 0
Height 4½ inches	£1 13 6
Height 5¾ inches	£2 10 0
Height 6½ inches	£3 10 0
Miniature replica, 3 ins.	15/-

The 'Toucan' Tankard, Solid Silver with tusk handle.

1/3rd pint	£2 10 0
Half pint	£3 3 0
One pint	£5 0 0
1½ pint	£6 6 0

Point-to-Point TROPHIES

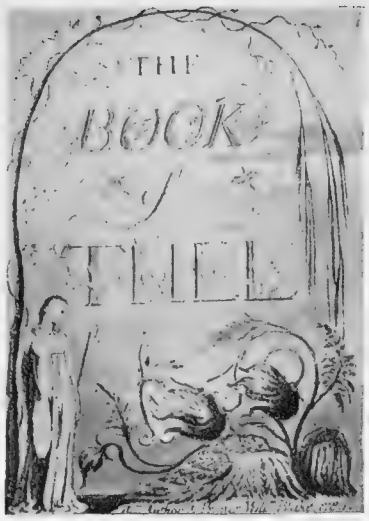
Sports Secretaries and all interested in sporting trophies will find an easy solution to their problems at Harrods. Easier perhaps than ever, for owing to the recent fall in the Silver Market the whole of their wide range of Cups is offered at remarkably moderate prices. Quotations gladly submitted.

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd Knightsbridge SW1

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

William Blake Books Fetch £2,590 at Sotheby's: A Letter from Barbados: A Nattier Portrait Sold in Vienna



HIGH PRICES IN THE SALEROOM: Four books by William Blake were auctioned at Sotheby's last week on behalf of the trustees of the late Sir Algernon Methuen, and realised the sum of £2,590, which was far in excess of the price paid for them in 1903, and testifies to the interest in the work of this eccentric but gifted artist. On the left above is the title page of *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* which had an opening bid of £500 and in less than a minute was knocked down to Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia for £1,050, while a rare original issue of the *Book of Thel (above on right)*, bought for £77 thirty-three years ago, now made no less than £420

MOURNING IN THE WEST INDIES: This picture comes to us from a reader in Barbados, who, in the letter accompanying it, says "It was taken near Bridgetown during the recent national bereavement, and it was pathetic to see this house, amongst others of similar humble origin, standing out by reason of its flagstaff made from a bamboo pole, with its faded Union Jack bravely flying at half mast. You will know that this island and its people are intensely proud of their ancient allegiance to the Crown, having come into British possession as long ago as 1625"

On right—A DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV: Jean Marc Nattier's portrait of Henrietta of France, which was the property of Baron Jean de Bourgoing and was put up for sale in Vienna this week. She is shown wearing a red dress, richly embroidered with pearls over which an ermine mantle falls. The artist, who was born in 1685, came into prominence when he secured the patronage of Louis XIV, and he was first employed on drawings for the engravings of Rubens' pictures. The last forty years of his life were devoted to the painting of portraits, especially of the ladies of Louis XV's court

On left—A CITY RELIC: This ancient wooden effigy of "Peeping Tom," which was carried in Coventry's processions 500 years ago, is in the possession of the King's Head Hotel, Coventry, and is now to be preserved in a glass case as it is no longer in a sufficiently sound state of repair to be placed on public view in the open air

Sunshine Cruises

EASTER CRUISES

APRIL 9.—"VOLTAIRE"
from SOUTHAMPTON to GIBRALTAR, CASABLANCA (for Rabat), SANTA CRUZ DE LA PALMA, MADEIRA (3 days' stay), LISBON.
18 days from 24 gns.

APRIL 9.—"VANDYCK"
from LIVERPOOL to CEUTA (for Tetuan), VILLEFRANCHE (for Monte Carlo, Nice, etc.), BARCELONA, PALMA (for Mallorca), LISBON.
18 days from 24 gns.

MAY CRUISES

MAY 2. "VOLTAIRE" from Southampton to Casablanca, Dakar (Senegal), Bathurst (Gambia), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira.
21 days from 28 gns.

MAY 9. "VANDYCK" from Liverpool to Vigo, Ceuta (for Tetuan), Palma (Mallorca), Gibraltar.
13 days from 16 gns.

MAY 30. (Whitsun Cruise) "VOLTAIRE" from Southampton to Gibraltar, Casablanca (for Rabat), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira (3 days' stay), Lisbon.
18 days from 24 gns.

MAY 30. (Whitsun Cruise) "VANDYCK" from Liverpool to Gibraltar, Palma (Mallorca), Ceuta, Lisbon.
13 days from 16 gns.

First Class only. Window or porthole in every room.

All the amenities of pleasure-cruise ships.

For details of above and programme of later cruises apply:—

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE LTD.
ROYAL LIVER BUILDING, LIVERPOOL.
27 & 98, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON E.C.3, OR TOURIST AGENTS.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cap Martin.—Roquebrune.—Villa Sévigné.—5 min. from centre Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by owners. Terms from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pension from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel centr. sit. 200 rms. 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day, facing south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Du Rhin. Rms. fr. Frs 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Soctv. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Gstaad.—Hotel Oldenhorn.—3,600 ft. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pension, incl. all taxes and ski school instruction, from 12 Swiss frs.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF

The Sphere

Revised from January 1st, 1935

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
INLAND ...	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 10 5	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
CANADA ...	3 0 8	1 10 4	1 9 3	14 9
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	3 5 6	1 14 0	1 11 8	15 10

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,
32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for*

_____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ 1936

The RIVIERA in 1936

A New Lease of Life for the South of France

There is a 30 per cent. reduction on return railway fares to the French Riviera available to travellers leaving London by any route on Mondays and Saturdays. Tickets issued under this arrangement are valid for thirty days, and the return journey may be made on any day of the week.

ALL this month the Blue Train has been fully booked up for about ten days ahead, and between 10.30 and 11 o'clock each morning, Victoria's one perennially bright corner, the Continental departure platform, puts on a greater air of animation than it has known since pre-crisis days. A whistle blows and the train slides out, through a bleak Pimlico, across an almost bleaker Thames, past the power station . . . fur coats are loosened, travelling rugs arranged, expensive looking luggage conveniently disposed of . . . and twenty-four hours later another contingent of what used to (and for all I know may still, in some corners of provincial France) be called the *beau monde*, is deposited at intervals along the southern coast of France; at Cannes, at Nice, at Monte Carlo, at Menton—names that have never quite lost the glamour of their association with pre-war Germanic royalties, Russian archdukes, and dusky potentates who used to be seen going about in turbans.

THE MIDDLE CORNICHE: A scene on a section of the great Riviera road between Nice and Monte Carlo, which typifies the vast improvements now being made on the motoring routes of Southern France

But though they may not have lost it, they have been wise enough not to rely on the legend of that glamour to ensure their survival into the second half of the nineteen-thirties. Hotels have moved with the age, palm trees and plush giving way to running water and chromium plating; the straight line architecture of modern times is replacing the more ornate façades of a generation that went in for frills; and the roads—it is the new roads that people who have not been down there for a year or two are talking about most this season. They are roads worthy of the low, gleaming cars and the sleek P.L.M. motor coaches one sees purring along them, which is saying a good deal, and worthy of the splendid scenery they pass through, which is saying even more.

The Corniche d'Or, running along the coast between St. Raphael and Cannes, which used to be one of the most dangerous roads in Europe, has now lost the unenviable reputation that blind corners and a sheer drop to the sea confer. Blind corners have become banked curves, useful parapets have been erected, and the narrow spaces have been made wide—wide enough for things to pass one another with ease. The inland route, covering roughly the same ground—from Fréjus to Cannes, through the lovely mountains of the Esterel, where the rocks are porphyry and glow deep red—has also been enormously improved.

Next there is the stretch from Cannes to Nice, also widened to a uniform 29 ft. and having now a very good surface. Cannes itself has made local traffic conditions easier by discovering that it can get on without trams, while the Promenade des Anglais at Nice has been made broad enough for it to be possible on occasion to hold motor races there. The Nice–Monte Carlo tramway has also been abolished. The most striking development of all, though, is an entirely new road, of which the construction has just been started, between Cannes and Nice, running close to the sea. It will be 114 ft. wide, as wide, that is, as the Promenade des Anglais itself. This is a four years' engineering feat, and will do much to alter, though without necessarily spoiling, the appearance of the coast. Cros-de-Cagnes, for instance, which at present we know as a small and not much frequented fishing village, will no doubt become a very different place when it is touched by the tide of international traffic. Another of this year's improvements is the electric lighting of the Route Napoléon from Grasse to Cannes, which gives the Riviera the longest stretch of electrically-lit highway in Europe—from Grasse, by way of Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo, to Menton.

A MODERN HIGHWAY: The Corniche ascending the heights above Monte Carlo passing en route the famous Mont Agel golf course

What other transformations are there to report? A general campaign is being waged with some success both against unsightly advertisement hoardings and against noise. At first the anti-noise campaign worried the police almost as much as it enraged the offenders, but in Cannes, at any rate, every potential noise maker, from the motor klaxon to the street hawker's voice, is now pretty well under control on the Croisette and round about. At Cannes, also, there is a new skating rink in the middle of the Galeries Fleuries, very smart and at the moment extremely popular. Cannes has been busy during the course of the month with its annual *fête de mimosa*, as well as the regatta. The King and Queen of Denmark head a long list of distinguished February visitors, the Queen playing a good deal of golf at Mandelieu and the King spending much time with his boat, *Dania*, and his bicycle. Cannes airport is officially closed at present for extensions, but is actually open to private 'planes, of which an ever-increasing number is making use of it.

Nice has again seen the King of Sweden playing as vigorous tennis as usual; the fine gardens of the Château d'Eze are at present open to the public every Sunday for the benefit of the Fondation Foch; the naval battle of flowers in Villefranche Bay, which is always one of the season's high lights, will take place this year in early March; at Monte Carlo the Ethiopian opera singer, Jarboro, a niece of the emperor, has been heard in *Aïda*; one evening recently the baccarat bank lost £8,000, and gamblers have had some gratifying wins at the new double roulette. This game is outbidding Petits Avions (described in THE SPHERE of February 8) in popularity. The fact that it offers odds of 1,200 to 1, as against 35 to 1 in ordinary roulette, may have something to do with this.

Finally, a conference of wise men has been discussing the rules of war and recommending the establishment of a Universal Association for the International Protection of Humanity. In such a lovely setting, and amidst so much gaiety and lightheartedness, the theme seems curiously irrelevant. Certainly the Riviera has not known a happier season for years.

Travel Notes of the Week

Answers to Enquirers

P., Sussex (France).—We can recommend the Hotel des Etrangers, rue Florestine, Monte Carlo, which is situated in a quiet sunny position, not far from the Casino. For the second half of your holiday we suggest you visit Le Lavandou, a small resort on the coast, about half-way between Marseilles and Nice. The Hotel d'Aiguebelle, two miles outside the town is most comfortable. You would find Le Lavandou very quiet as compared with Monte Carlo, but the surrounding scenery is extremely pretty and offers plenty of scope for interesting walks.

W., Northumberland (Spain, Majorca, Malta, Tunis).—The single 2nd class fare from London to Barcelona via Dieppe and Paris is £7 16s. 4d. Sitges, a seaside resort 26 miles from Barcelona would suit your requirements. There are crossings every week-day from Barcelona to Palma, the 2nd class fare being about £1 6s. From Palma to Marseilles you can travel by the Navigation Mixte which have sailings every Thursday, arriving in Marseilles the following day, the single 2nd class fare being about £3 15s. The French Line run a weekly service from Marseilles to Bizerta, leaving on Saturdays and arriving at the latter on Sundays, the single 2nd class fare, including port dues, being about £5 15s. There is a motor-coach service from Bizerta to Tunis. The Maritime Nationale runs a fortnightly service from Nice to Tunis, the boats calling at Malta on the homeward voyage. The Cassar Line runs a daily service between Malta and Syracuse, the single 2nd class fare being £1 5s. 6d. The single fare from Syracuse to London, via Rome, Milan, Spiez, Paris, and Dieppe, is about £11. The 2nd class fare from Malta to London by P. and O. Line is £14.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

The *Naldera* leaves Malta on September 2, arriving at London on September 11.

T., Co. Dublin (Spain).—If you require somewhere quiet with lovely scenery you should visit the little village of Tossa, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, between Barcelona and the French frontier. From there you can continue on to Barcelona, where we advise you to stay at least two days, particularly if you wish to make the very interesting excursion to the Monastery of Montserrat, situated in the mountains at the back of the town. If you think that Tossa would prove too quiet for your tastes you could visit the seaside resort of Sitges, twenty-six miles west of Barcelona. A visit to Madrid could include visits to Zaragoza, Valladolid, Burgos and San Sebastian without making any detours, as Zaragoza is on the main line from Barcelona to the capital, while the three last mentioned are on the route from Madrid to Paris. You would find it expensive as well as tiring to include a visit to the Andalucian cities on a short trip. If you particularly wish to visit them we would suggest that you travel to Gibraltar by P. & O. Line, the return 1st class fare being £18, cross to Algeciras by ferry, and there stay a few days at the Hotel Cristina, a comfortable and up-to-date hotel. You could then make a round tour from Algeciras, embracing Seville, Cordova, and Granada. It is possible to obtain semi-circular tickets at reduced rates for travel on the Spanish railways, and we advise you to inquire about these when booking your ticket.

THE SPA HOTEL

enjoys the best position in **BATH.** It stands in its own beautiful grounds of nine acres. Hot and Cold Running Water. Luxurious Private Suites. Rooms, Doubles and Singles with Private Baths. En Pension Terms from **6 gns.** per week.

Telephone: Bath 4224|5|6 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

For Tariff apply to Manager.

GOLF COURSE WITHIN FOUR MINUTES OF THE HOTEL

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

FINEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT.

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

An Expanse of Polished Glass

looking upon the Ocean—such is the outside aspect of this citadel of fine living. Within—vistas of deep carpets and luxurious chairs. You may treat it as a mere dormy house—for there are three excellent golf courses within easy reach; on the other hand you may treat it as an academy where the pleasures of dining, sleeping and conversation are considered as a fine art and where the wine list will inspire the most exacting bon viveur.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Illustrated brochure with inclusive terms upon application.

AT THE LOVELIEST HOTEL IN SUSSEX.

Tranquillity, supreme comfort, tennis, golf, riding, and a cuisine for the epicure. Licensed, of course. Only 10 minutes by car or bus from Brighton Station.

Hotel car will meet any train at regular taxi fare.

A.A.—R.A.C.

Illustrated brochure on request from the Manager.

TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL

ROTTINGDEAN - BRIGHTON

'Phone: Rottingdean 9291.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

GLORIOUS SEA COAST.

THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL

(St. Austell Bay Hotel)

THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL

THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB

THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

What Pewter!

. . . a veritable museum. How elegantly (and adequately!) our ancestors took their liquor in this fine old coaching-house of the West of England. And now the charm and reputation remain . . . with the addition of an excellent Grill Room and Restaurant, and the ever-careful maintenance of a fine cellar.

ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL

EXETER

66 Bedrooms with all modern conveniences. Tariff on request from the Management

---

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

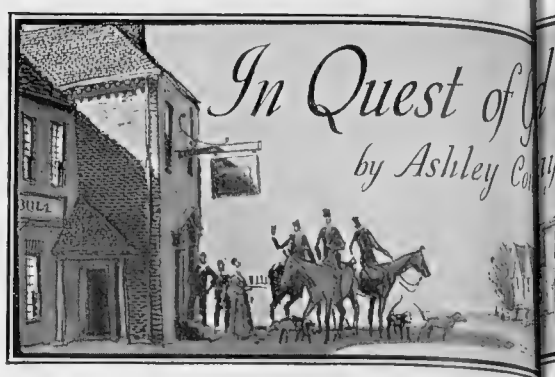
Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

In Quest of [illegible]

by Ashley Co[illegible]



LAST week-end some friends invited me—perhaps just for the joy of noting my envy—to see them off from Southampton on a cruising ship, but now I rather think they have reason to be glad I accepted their invitation as I put them up to a wrinkle for which I have earned, so they tell me, "their eternal gratitude." They were coming down from Nottingham and instead of staying the night in town and catching the boat train in the morning from Waterloo, I persuaded them, not without a good deal of buts and ifs (for we Britishers seem to hate trying out new methods) to travel down to Southampton by an ordinary train overnight and put up at the Polygon Hotel which is a stone's throw or so from the West Station and the docks. It lies back off the beaten track and so is absolutely immune from engine whistles, sirens, and other noises associated with dockyard activities.

They told me that they had never heard of the Polygon before, which did not surprise me, for it is one of those hotels which thrive primarily on recommendation. But when I told them that it had some eighty bedrooms, was A.A. and R.A.C. appointed, had over 2 acres of grounds, excellent garage facilities, and had been going for over eighty years, it was their turn to be surprised.

But having stayed there the night, gone aboard their ship in the morning, and watched from the promenade deck the boat train passengers jostling and pushing their way up the gangway, they then agreed that the pass-words to comfort as it concerns Southampton and its docks are "The Polygon Hotel."

Not only do many people stay overnight at the Polygon prior to embarkation, but quite a number spend a night there on arrival back in this country, appreciative again of a comfortable bed on *terra firma*—a certain solidity of comfort peculiar to the Polygon—really excellent cuisine, and a friendly reception by a staff which includes Peter, the faithful canine *aide-de-camp* of Miss Dowland.

Having seen my friends' ship disappear into the mist, I took the opportunity, as I was in the neighbourhood, of spending the week-end at an old favourite of mine, the Chine Hotel, Boscombe, which, by the Undercliff Drive, is only a mile from Bournemouth Pier.

It was a lovely ride through the Forest and it was only the lateness of the hour that deterred me from looking in at a small residential Hotel at Lyndhurst which is one of the best run places I have found. Wild horses would be unable to drag its name from me now for it would be ruined if it got too popular, but I will disclose its name in confidence to any readers of THE SPHERE contemplating an early Spring

---

A Good Address

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

Have you ever . . . .

Tried Surf-riding?
Tasted real Cornish cream?
Sun-bathed in secluded coves?
Fallen out of bed on to the Golf Links?
Stayed at an Hotel where every Bedroom had a sea view?
Eaten ravenously . . danced deliriously . . slept seraphically?
If not, write to A. B. Polglaze for further details of the

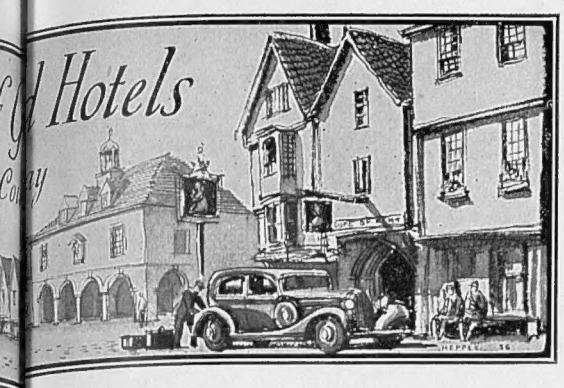
HEADLAND HOTEL

NEWQUAY

—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. 120 Bedrooms (and private suites) all with a sea view. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Golf Course and Hard Tennis Courts at the door. Phone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines)

THE SPHERE REGISTER

Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—The Spa Hotel. 'Phone 4224-5.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.



holiday in the Forest. The terms are 5 guineas a week . . . no more, no less, at all times of the year.

Arriving at the Chine I could not help contrasting my cosy bedroom with that of my friend, somewhere down Channel by this time, who was paying about £6 to £7 a day for a double cabin for himself and his wife . . . and sleeping maybe "up above" as wives so very quickly commandeer the lower berth!

The Chine is a most attractive Hotel both without and within. It is perched on the highest point around Bournemouth overlooking Boscombe Pier; and the tower of the Hotel is so high that the Bournemouth Council, so I am told, had to purchase a new fire escape . . . just in case!

The position is an extraordinarily dominating one . . . the hotel faces south and overlooks the pier and Bournemouth Bay, and more often than not one can clearly see the Isle of Wight on the one hand and the Purbeck Hills on the other.

It is an hotel at which you can be just as energetic or as restful as you wish. There are, within a very short distance, four golf courses, two bowling greens, and hard tennis courts.

And of course there are all modern amenities such as hot and cold water, central heating and passenger lifts. They have some of the most attractive self-contained suites, with balconies, as well as bedrooms with private bathrooms adjoining.

I do not know where Mr. James Millar, the resident proprietor, gained his experience, but certainly he—with the help of his family—has an in-born flair for hotel management. They make one exceedingly comfortable. They and their staff receive you with a welcome, and if you are one of the friendly sort you quickly feel that you have come among friends. Their cooking *really* does justify the phrase "perfect cuisine" and if you are a judge of good wine . . . or just a good lager . . . you will appreciate the Chine.

It was a perfect Sunday morning; I strolled through the four acres of grounds which lead to the Chine and the Undercliff Road; I watched the sea breaking on literally golden sands. I then retraced my way slowly via the graduated steps up past the glass-houses which keep the hotel stocked with fresh flowers and fruit out of season . . . threw up the lounge window without any angry looks from other visitors . . . ensconced myself in the bow window and basked in the sunshine.

If you ever feel like a week-end of perfection, write to Mr. James Millar and ask him if he has a sunny bedroom to spare, such as I had overlooking the Bay and the Isle of Wight.

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%-25%
No Alteration in Standard.

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

Lift Billiards
Self-contained Suites
Garage

R.A.C. A.A.

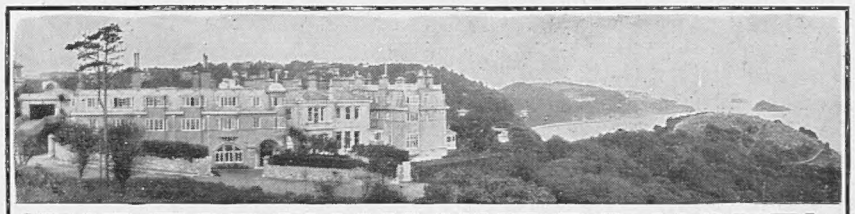
Telephone 59

Southampton for instance?

Not only is Southampton a pivotal point for the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals and Portsmouth, but there is tucked away, yet in the centre of the city, one of the most comfortable hotels in the country. For over 80 years the Polygon has attracted those who appreciate that good food, comfortable beds, plenty of hot water and excellent service are the four essentials of a first-class hotel.

THE POLYGON HOTEL
SOUTHAMPTON

Those seeking spring and summer residence are invited to write to J. Dowland for further details. Tel.: Southampton 5661



THE TORQUAY HYDRO HOTEL

(FULLY LICENSED)

Magnificently placed on the cliffs at Daddyhole Plain, is world-famous for its quiet dignity and efficiency; it provides that delightful atmosphere of tone which embraces artistic surroundings and the connoisseur's need—"PERFECT SERVICE."

Removed from all traffic and noise, it is within easy distance of Medical and Swimming Baths.

SPECIAL DIET PROVIDED IF REQUIRED.

Hard Tennis Courts and Croquet Lawns. Two excellent Golf Courses near. Garage. Tel. 2207

Pleasures at the Prince

are pleasures that make for health and happiness, the pleasures of activity, sport, relaxation and friendship. Southport's outside pleasures are legion . . . races, tournaments, festivals, flower shows, but the best show of all is at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

A choice of 7 golf courses. Dancing every Saturday night. Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for brochure and details of the very modest tariff. Telephone 4151

The Spring Bulbs

hate being disturbed in their beds at Lincombe Hall, the garden Hotel of Torquay . . . just as the visitors do in theirs! Come and enjoy the Easter array.

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY

Five acres beautiful gardens. Comfortably appointed bedrooms and suites with hot and cold water, electric or gas fires. Modern garage: Hotel coach meeting all trains and at the disposal of visitors for shopping, cinemas, theatres, etc. Warm public rooms furnished with quiet distinction . . . and cooking which blends originality with the traditional use of only the best materials. Write to Mr. R. S. Paul for brochure and Easter Programme.

A thought for Easter

. . . or before . . . or after! Here, in this wonderfully central spot for exploring the Garden of Kent and the Downs of Sussex, 400 ft. up, facing the South and the sun . . . lies one of Britain's best known Hotels, standing in a private park of 60 acres with its own sporting golf course. Solid in its comfort, modern in its equipment and generous in its hospitality.

THE SPA HOTEL
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

For details of suites of rooms, bedrooms with private bathrooms, or bedrooms with hot and cold water, write to S. T. Hancock, Resident Director. 'Phone: T'Wells 1911

YOU WILL REMEMBER your visit to **ROSLIN HALL**—the comfort of cosy lounges—the delight of good food—the unobtrusive efficiency of the staff (truly)—we are a happy sea view hotel, even when it rains.

TORQUAY 4373

Sea, Sun and St. Leonard's!

A trinity which is practically a guarantee for a restful holiday at the Adelphi, which overlooks the gardens hard by the sea. Charming motor runs in the neighbourhood of Rye, Winchelsea, Battle, etc., tennis, golf, bowls, billiards, and sea fishing for your amusement, while the cuisine and comfort of a first-class hotel and the sunshine record for the South of England do the rest.

ADELPHI HOTEL
ST. LEONARD'S

Central heating. 100 rooms with hot and cold running water. Private Bathrooms. Garage for 50 cars on premises. Ballroom. Write Resident Proprietor.

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
St. Leonard's.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

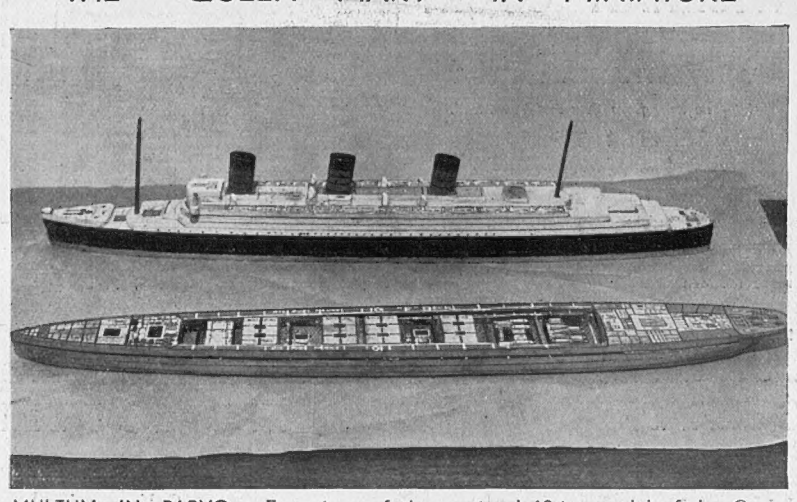
NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

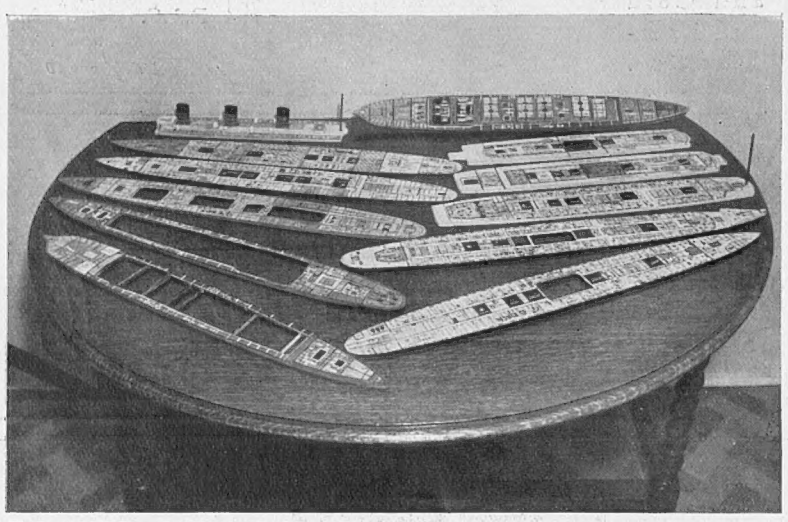
IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

THE "QUEEN MARY" IN MINIATURE



MULTUM IN PARVO: Two views of the sectional 10-in. model of the *Queen Mary*, invented and designed by the famous naval artist, G. H. Davis (whose work is a regular feature of *The Illustrated London News*), and now being made in large quantities to be supplied as a souvenir to all passengers on the liner's first trips. It is also to be sold to the public for a nominal sum



THE MODEL TAKEN APART: The various decks which lock together to form the representation of the *Queen Mary* seen in the top picture. On each deck are details of the lay-out of the cabins, public rooms, or cargo space

THE NAVAL REVIVAL

(*Continued from page* 370)

speed of 36 knots, while the French are planning 1,700-ton ships and the Italians 1,850-tonners. The position with regard to submarines—built, building, and projected—is still more serious, for Britain has fewer than America, Japan, France, or Italy, while our aircraft-carriers transport more than a hundred machines fewer than those of the United States and less than a dozen more than the carriers of the Japanese Navy, which is nominally three-fifths of the British standard. We have one aircraft-carrier building against three in America and two in Japan.

But perhaps the most difficult part of the programme is that which the layman sees least, the problem of manning. The Naval Defence Act of 1889 gave us a lesson that should never be forgotten either by the Admiralty or by the public, for under that measure a large number of ships were built without adequate steps being taken for their manning, with the result that as they were completed most of them had to go into the reserve for lack of crews. To-day the situation is even more serious, for battleships have had to be paid off or sent home from the Mediterranean into the reserve in order to supply crews for the new destroyers.

Naval recruiting has been increased but it takes years to make a bluejacket, and the youngsters of the magnificent type coming forward at the present time, undoubtedly tempted by the excellent conditions of the modern navy and the chance of winning commissioned rank, have to go through a lot before they are really useful members of the ship's company. That is where *Arethusa* and other training ships are of the greatest value to the country, for they have done all the preliminary work necessary in moulding the future bluejackets who are being sent, well grounded, into the various naval establishments in a steady stream. They are just the type that the Navy wants.

In a glass case on the mess deck of at least one of these training ships may be seen a naval sword which the committee presents to every old boy who is promoted to warrant rank. Many a boy makes a vow that he will wear such a sword before he is finished and the remarkable number of these vows which are fulfilled is a standing tribute to the training.

Frank C. Bowen

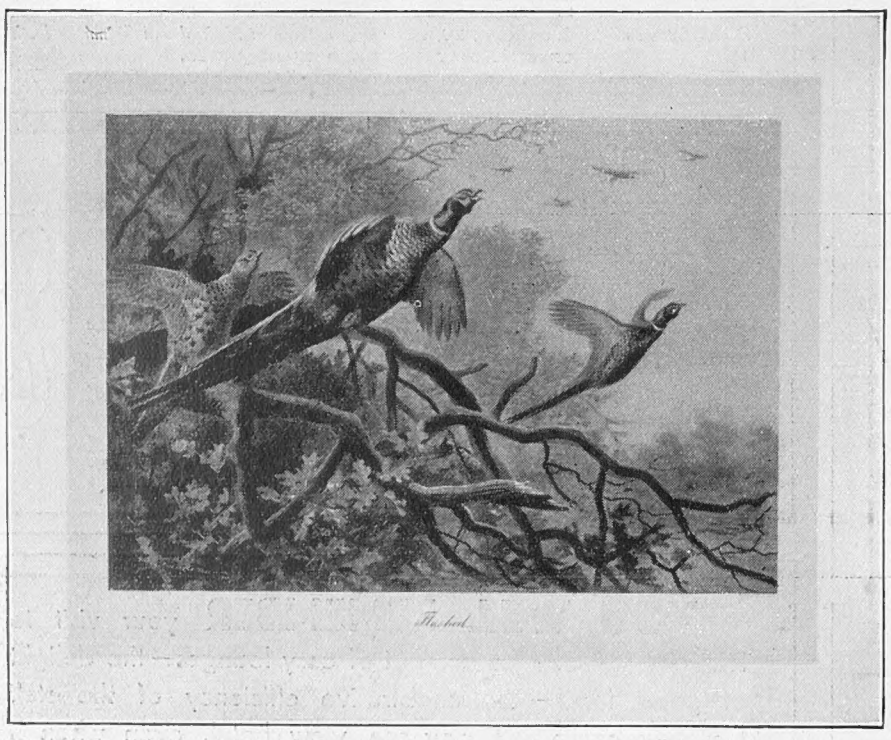
Lloyds Bank Report

The seventy-eighth ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of Lloyds Bank Limited was held recently at Southern House, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Mr. J. Beaumont Pease (the chairman) referring to the accounts, pointed out that, for the first time in the history of the bank, the item of current, deposit, and other accounts amounted to over £400,000,000, and was £28,000,000 more than it was last year. With regard to loans and advances, loans continued to show a slight rising tendency, and were £5,000,000 in excess of the comparative figure for last year. This increased desire to borrow was much welcomed by bankers, but the proportion of loans to deposits in the balance sheet submitted was still very much below the normal and desired percentage and stood at 35·2 on the basis of the figure for loans alone, or at 37·7 on the more comprehensive figure which formed the basis in the balance sheets of the majority of other banks. The statement which he had seen made that banks were more interested in granting loans for financial or even speculative purposes rather than to trade found no confirmation in an analysis of this bank's loan figures. Out of the total amount of advances only 6·6 per cent. came under the headings "Banks, Insurance, and Finance" and "Stockbrokers."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The weekly cost of maintaining 1,100 poor boys and girls is a heavy one, but this is an expense that the Society have always to meet. These children are being trained to become useful citizens, and it is to assist them in this great work that the Society are making an urgent appeal for funds. Donations, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A Delightful Gift for a Sporting Friend



Double-Tone Photogravure Plates of GAME BIRDS

(*Size* 20″ x 30″—*plate sunk*)

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. This fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings, while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of plates available.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

2. *The First Victim*
3. *Turning Back from the Guns*
4. *The First Woodcock*
5. *Waiting for the Turn of the Tide*
6. *Grouse at the Drinking Pool*
7. *The Frozen Spring*
8. *Flushed*
9. *First over the Hedge*
10. *Through the Still Birchwood*
11. *Straight for the Guns*
12. *The Covey Basking*
13. *Sunrise on the First*
14. *A Family Party*

PRICES

Prints 10/6 each — **Coloured by Hand** £1.1.0 each

Orders, with remittance, should be sent to The Publisher

The SPORTING & DRAMATIC Illustrated House, 32-34 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*February* 29, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

The SPHERE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . .

On and after February 28th, 1936, the address of THE SPHERE will be Illustrated House, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.

Communications regarding subscriptions, editorial submissions, advertisements, and all correspondence should be sent to this address.

New Telephone Number:

CENTRAL 1010

Telegrams: "SPHERE, Lud, London."

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and
THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

HOME CINEMA ENTHUSIASTS
ROYAL FUNERAL
Exclusive film of the Funeral of His Late Majesty King George V. This film is professionally taken, and shows the procession in London and Windsor. Every one should have a copy as a memorial record of the termination of an eventful and glorious reign.
9.5 mm. 400 ft. on spool .. £2.15.0
16 mm. 400 ft. on spool .. £3.10.0
Projectors. Exclusive Films. List Free.
SP. STAR PRESS, 13, Whitechapel, Liverpool.

TANGIER
& MOROCCO—THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.
Consult the experts.
Branch Office in Tangier—English Staff
Inclusive Tours from London, 13 days from £13.10
FULLER & YOUNG (TANGIER), LTD.,
Tangier House, Granville Place, W.1
(Between Marble Arch and Selfridges). MAYfair 6451.

Test for 1 Month

and you will be absolutely convinced that the VIBRAPHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of

DEAFNESS

So revolutionary is the principle of the Vibraphone that it has gone from success to success in every country of the world. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires, or any other attachments, just the tiny ear-piece as shown. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of 30-Day TRIAL OFFER. Consultations 9 to 6.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 45, Triumph House, 189 Regent St., London, W.1. *Phone:* Regent 5650.

Why YOU should use a 3

Because it means QUICK Shaving

"Quick" is the word when every morning minute counts.

Every stroke with a KROPP razor is clean, smooth, complete. No stubble left in the course. No retracing the steps. And no fuss in cleaning up. Just a straight wipe and a strop and your Kropp is tuned up for to-morrow. The Kropp is HAND-FORGED from the finest Sheffield steel. Lasts a lifetime. Never needs grinding.

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

In Case, Black Handle - - - 10/6
Ivory Handle - 18/-
From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Try the new Kropp Bakelite Shaving Stick. Price 1/3. Also Kropp Shaving Cream, 1/3 per large tube.

Copy of Shaver's Kit Booklet No. 170, free on request.

Famous for Fifty Years
Rendells
Approved by Doctors
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:—

PARIS OFFICE:
65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for*
France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czecho-slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for*
Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

ESD LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT
MOST MODERN, SECURE AND CENTRAL IN EUROPE.
Nominal Charges.
'Phone: Whitehall 8845
18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

WHEN YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR SHIRT ON A HORSE—

Tell "Duggie" all about it!

You'll find him at STUART HOUSE, LONDON

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*February* 29, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.